

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 960.—25 October, 1862.

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NEW BOOKS.

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FRANCE TO ITALY.

ITALIANS, you but waste your breath,
The right you cry for stands no chance;
You raise the shout of "Rome or Death!"
And "Death!" is the reply of France.
Yes, death, my friends, for I am strong;
France is resolved to have her way;
Her will is law which, right or wrong,
The weak must perish or obey.

Your claim of Rome I must refuse,
For I don't want you to become
Too independent, and I choose
To keep you underneath my thumb.
But death's a boon I won't deny,
If you desire to bite the dust,
Brave, then, the might of France, and die;
If die you will, then die you must.

My Bourbons I dethroned, 'tis true;
But therefore cherish not the hope
That I shall ever suffer you
To do the like, and doff the Pope.
His power it suits me to maintain,
My cannons guard the Papal chair;
You pray for liberty in vain:
Attempt to win it if you dare.

The Eldest Daughter of the Church,
Must needs defend her parent's Head,
And keep the Pontiff on his perch,
Although upon your necks he tread.
Creeds may by her be turned to sport,
Or dogmas carelessly ignored;
But France must Popery support
As an Idea, with the sword.

To supplants what I did not grant
Claimants from me shall never wring;
To stern demand of course I can't
Think of conceding such a thing.
Honor forbids me to concede,
To menace, what is justly due;
Then how you strike for Rome, take heed:
Death is your portion if you do.

A generous nation am I not?
Of progress don't I lead the van?
Befriend the struggling patriot?
And vindicate the Rights of Man?
Ah, yes! but I must domineer,
So cannot call my forces home.
Then Death to every Volunteer
So bold as to advance on Rome!

—Punch.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

'Tis but a green and silent mound—
A rude board bears his regiment's number,
Where 'mid his fallen foes around,
The soldier rests in dreamless slumber.

No sister here, hath left the rose;
No weeping mother kneels in blessing!
Here the neglected wild-flower grows,
And cold winds are the mound caressing.

Yet plumage shorn and broken sword
Tell that the battle here was swelling,

Ere on the bosom of the Lord,
He found an everlasting dwelling.

The field, ploughed by the courser's hoof,
Speaks of the charge, the flight, the rally;
While broken spear and helm of proof
Gleam, like the Prophet's vision valley.

The tree, scathed not by lightning's blast,
But shivered where the cannon rattled,
Shall tell, while history shall last,
How fiercely legions here have battled.

The tall grass rustles—Stranger, hush!
Here, let no thoughtless word be spoken.
Ay turn—shame not the tear to brush—
Here courage sleeps, here hearts were broken!

One thought of mother, far away,
Or some fair form half rose before him,
As stretched beside this grave he lay,
While Death waved his dark pinion o'er him.

The Bible, from his breast half drawn,
Falls from his cold and stiffening fingers,
He lifts his eyes—he faints! he's gone—
No! the imprisoned spirit lingers.

As swelling on the evening breeze
Come the wild bugle's lofty numbers,
Ringing high victory through the trees,
Lulling him to eternal slumbers.
Sept. 17, 1862. MARIA J. BISHOP.

—Transcript.

LORD PALMERSTON'S MOTTO.

"Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?"

Lord Palmerston on Thursday.

An excellent motto! My lord, 'tis your own;
Too fond of the popular breath you have grown.
The shout of the crowd is your music, my lord,
And you'd perhaps "embrace virtue" to gain
that reward.

If for suffrage-extension men's wishes were
warm,
You would doubtless go in for immediate Re-
form:
But Bright is not England; you know it, my
lord,
So wherefore waste time without hope of reward?

As Italy's popular, Italy gets
A very high place on the list of your pets.
Your "moral support" is not much to afford,
And you gladly divide Garibaldi's reward.

Poor Gladstone is hissed by the popular voice,
Though your policy leaves him no shadow of
choice.

You laugh at the thought of retrenchment, my
lord,
And, though Income-tax plagues us, you get
your reward.

As aged as Nestor, as boastful as Hector,
You never will now say *virtutem amplector*.
So we only can hope your successor, my lord,
May care rather less for so poor a reward.

—Press.

C.

From The Saturday Review.
JOURNALS.

THERE are few things that show more the difference between man and man in points not easily got at, than how they conduct such a private matter as keeping a journal. The practice itself is simple enough, but the purposes for which it is undertaken, and the mode in which it is carried out, show the odd contrasts—the entire variance in aim and view—that may exist under much outward conformity. Something that must be done daily, and that a task of no absolute necessity, even if it occupy but three or at most five minutes of every day, is a burden on time and method which we suspect the majority of men are not equal to. Everybody at some time of his life begins a journal; but because it exacts a certain punctuality, and because the trouble promises no immediate return, and because, too, people get tired of the seeming monotony of life,—and the mere bare events of most lives have a way of looking very monotonous when written down,—it is, we believe, seldom persisted in. No one understands the value of such a record till it is too late to make it what it might be. We do not suppose there exists a chronicle of the daily doings of a life from childhood to old age, yet we can imagine nothing more interesting and valuable to the man who has kept it; and who would not be glad—if it could be referred to without too keen a self-reproach—of a close and exact memorial of his life and actions, and of the influences brought to bear on them by the progress of events?

Are we right in surmising that, by many persons, whole tracts of life are forgotten—lost, never to be recovered? If we are mistaken, it is only another proof of those inner differences of mental constitution of which we have spoken. We suspect, however, that it is no unusual thing for men to be separated from certain stages of their life—from events that happened after they had begun to reason and to think, and in which they actively shared—by a thick veil of unconsciousness. It may not be utter oblivion perhaps. The memory of them may lie hid in some corner of the brain of which we have lost the key; we may even approach very near their whereabouts at odd times. Now and then, they may give a faint intimation of their existence by intangible hints—in dreams

and fragments, associated with sight or sound or scent—but eluding all pursuit, all attempt at investigation. We just know that there is more in our past than our memory reports to us, but practically they are gone. To how many does not any sudden question of our doings and surroundings ten, or fifteen, or even five years ago, fill us with a painful sense of loss—of having parted from ourselves? A gathering indistinctness mantles over what once engaged our time and interest. A chain is broken, and links are missing, which should at a touch have taken us back to place and scene—recalled to us our fellow-actors in them—brought back thoughts, words, and doings in their first distinctness and reality—and, wanting which, all is dull, misty, disconnected, or at best partially remembered. We are impressed with a sense of self-desertion and neglect, as though we had not appreciated life, its pleasures, its associations, as we ought. All persons recollect what has once deeply and vehemently stirred the feelings; and every thing and person associated with such occasions will always stand out in strong relief. Something brands particular days and moments into the most treacherous memory, or into something which is more part of ourselves than memory seems to be. But where this passionate sentiment, whether of grief or joy, is missing, as we know it is to all persons for long tracts of time, we cannot tell. Our inner tablets are too often blurred, and have to be deciphered carefully and with very uncertain results.

We are drawing an extreme case, perhaps; and there are minds so orderly, and memories so retentive, that our picture will convey to them no meaning. But in so far as it is true, it is an argument for keeping a record of daily events, however seemingly monotonous and trivial—and even the more so if they present no salient points. For when our days pass in comfort and ease, unmarked by strong excitements, the ingratitude of forgetfulness most naturally slips in; yet what pleasant glimpses will a few lines, containing our comings and goings, and certain familiar names, open out to us, if their definiteness furnishes the key that alone is wanting to bring back a distinct picture of a past stage of life! And how much does the most condensed chronicle convey to us when we are fairly separated from it

forever! What sentiment, and even dignity, time throws on the persons and influences which we see now so nearly affected us, though we scarcely knew it at the time! The record of the most uneventful life falls naturally into chapters, and has its epochs and marked periods of time which stand out quite separate when we can survey the whole in distinct groups and distances. Nothing in it is really unimportant unless we were wilful triflers, in which case no elaborate formula of confession and self-accusation need teach us a sterner lesson than this brief epitome of a frivolous existence.

Addison gives a journal, studiously without incident, of a useless insignificant life—a model of thousands of lives then and now. It has always struck us as a strong argument for journal keeping, though this use of his satire was not contemplated by the satirist. What a distinct picture of a state of society, and of an individual growing out of that society, does this week of inanities give! Gossip turns into history under our eyes. We realize the sleepy quiet existence when men were content not to think, and clung to authority—the early hours, the pipe, the coffee-house, the sparse ablutions, the antiquated costume and cuisine, the knee-strings, the shoe-buckle, the wig, cane and tobacco-box, the marrow-bone and oxcheek, the corned beef, plums, and suet, and Mother Cob's mild, and the purl to recover lost appetite. We have the walk in the fields, then possible to London citizens. We have the slow progress of news, kept languidly exciting by uncertainty, and all the pros and cons about the Grand Vizier, and what Rumor said, and what Mr. Nisby thought, and our hero's vacillations of dull awe and interest as either got the ascendant—now disturbed dreams when both authorities agree that he is strangled—now the cheerful vision, “dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier,” because Mr. Nisby did not believe it—now Rumor giving it as her opinion that he was both strangled and beheaded—ending our suspense at the week's end with the ultimatum, “Grand Vizier certainly dead,” which would have reached us in three minutes, and summed up all we knew or cared about the matter. It is an image of the life, public and private of the time—as no journal which tells events can help being in its degree. The driest details have a certain

touching interest when read years after. The most homely doings are imbued with a certain poetry when we can do them no longer. Facts external to ourselves are invested with an historic value as telling us of social or of the world's changes.

But the obvious use, to assist the memory, or rather to construct an external artificial memory, is only one out of many reasons for keeping a diary. Diaries kept with this view rarely, if ever, see the light, and ought never to see it. All journals that are published have some other object. There are of course the journals avowedly public, such as *Raikes' Diary*—the work and legacy to posterity of an apparently idle life—which aim at being current history and in which personal matters would be out of place. There is the mixed personal and public journal, as *Madame D'Arblay's* who could not probably have lived through the cruel dulness of her court life but for taking posterity into her confidence, and pouring into what proved not unwilling or unsympathizing ears the indignities and annoyances inflicted on her by the old German Duenna. There is no real freedom, no absolute undress, possible in such compositions, but the graceful *negligée* allows an attitude towards self very congenial to some minds—a sort of simpering modesty and flirting humbleness of tone, and a bridled license towards others, midway between caution and outbreak—saying more than might be spoken, but with a reticence of expression which only faintly reveals the unwritten sentiment, yet hoping to excite as much indignant sympathy in the reader as the most unmeasured vituperation. There are other journals which seem to act the purpose of the child's battered doll—a mere vent for passion and sore feeling. The fair page receives all the bitterness, irritation, or malevolence which may not find any other outlet. It is like declaiming to dead walls. Thoughts are recorded, words are written down, something is done, and the relief of a scene is secured at no expense either to credit or position. It is something in this spirit that Mrs. Thrale writes of her old friends in her journal at the time of her second marriage. One of the most curious diaries on record is that consisting of twenty-seven folio volumes from which Mr. Tom Taylor constructed the autobiography of Haydon the painter. It is a work to make

one believe in Mr. Wilkie Collins's diaries as embodied in his tales, where the people, all of them, spend every alternate waking half-hour for years together, either in vehement, intense scheming and action, or in writing their schemes and actions down in their journal—rushing from action to pen, and laying down the pen to return to action, with a see-saw perseverance which we own we should not have thought probable or natural but for Haydon's twenty-seven volumes. He paints and writes, and writes and paints, much on the same plan; and pours out hopes and fears, and imperiously invokes high Heaven to make him a painter, at the conception and progress of every picture, in a way to make the heart bleed when we see what an intensity of feeling and ambition went to the covering of those ugly and huge stretches of canvas where never a man of all his groups stands on his legs. However, the sad moral of wasted hopes and energies is not against journal-keeping, even on a gigantic scale, but against painting enormous historical pictures without knowledge or skill, indeed with no qualification but faith in the will. The journal is a first-rate one, though the pictures which constitute its main theme are bad; and a good journal of a busy life, or rather such a selection of it as Mr. Taylor has made, is a gift to the world as good, in its way, as a fine picture.

Most people drawn in any way to the use of the pen have been tempted to an ambitious effort at journal-keeping in early youth. This is really the impulse of composition. If young people have not a story in their brains, they turn their thoughts inward; the mysteries of being begin to perplex them, and they sit down fairly to face and study self. The notion is natural enough. Whom or what should we understand so well as ourself, which we can look into and ponder upon any time we choose? So there is written a page of life-history with a good deal of solemnity, and a mighty strain, which ends in the discovery of a mistake, and the perception that self is not a more easy thing to understand than other people; or probably it ends in weariness of the maze in which the young student finds himself. But there are many people—who never make this discovery—who persevere in the practice all their days, and through whom ordinary read-

ers mainly know how journals are kept, and are instructed in their use; and it is here we learn that external differences between man and man are often merely faint shadows of the inner differences which separate spirit from spirit, in spite of the great family likeness that runs through us all. We beg, in what we say, to distinguish entirely between self-examination as instituted by conscience and subject to an external law, and religious journals kept not to record events, but to register states of feeling. Let any one to whom the practice is new sit down to describe himself to himself, and he will find it is only the outside he can reach. There is something which we feel defies language—which we can only approach by an amount of study and a pursuit into motives which issues in a treatise on the understanding; we are driven from the private to the general, and landed in metaphysics. We find we have to withdraw from ourself and stand outside before we can say anything intelligible. We are disposed to think that in reading, after an interval, any attempt of this kind, it is not the real old self that we see, but the state of mind then aimed at. We do not recognize ourself in the person drawn. It might pass with a stranger, but we know better. We cannot perhaps attempt a counter-portrait, but we feel *this* does nothing to represent that intricate, contradictory, complicated, mysterious being, one's self—mean and poor—meaner and poorer than we can find courage to prove ourself by example, yet with gleams of something higher and better than we fancy other people would ever guess, with something to excuse (as it seems to ourselves) our worst and basest acts. In fact, our identity becomes a question as we muse upon the shadow our pen of the past conjures up. Are we the same that wrote this confession twenty years ago? Are we responsible, or are we not? We have to sweep away these cobwebs before we can frankly own ourselves, or take upon our present consciousness the debts and responsibilities of our past.

We are then driven to the conclusion that, strictly for our own use, these records would be without value—would miss their aim as being fallacious and superficial. We cannot present a picture of our state of mind at any given time which we can honestly call full

and accurate. We may say things of ourself that are true, but we cannot read them afterwards without a running comment changing or modifying their bearing. And the constant use that these self-portraits are put to, as well as the extreme vagueness which characterizes the self-accusation, even while clothing itself in the strongest language, excuses us in thinking that in the majority of cases self-teaching has not been the only, perhaps not even the main object. There is often apparent a deliberate intention of utilizing the exercise. The thought of other readers comes in with influential force, dictating a formula, and the journal then only becomes a recognized form of dogmatic teaching, and—as based on the fallacy that others are admitted into an inner privacy and retirement where they were never dreamt of—surely not the most useful form. Whenever we see that there was actually no thought or apprehension of other eyes—whenever the scrupulous conscience commits itself unreservedly to paper—we experience something of the shame of real intruders, and feel we are where we ought not to be—as in the case of some of Froude's curious self-torturing confessions, or where Henry Martin reproaches himself for having sat silent, and said nothing to the coachman about his soul, in the few miles' drive be-

tween parting with his betrothed and leaving his country forever.

After all, it is a point on which one person has no right to prescribe for another. It is possibly a mere case of sympathy, and there may be high uses in religious biographies to those who can appreciate them. The journal valuable to everybody, however, is the simplest possible record of a man's own doings, and the dates that clear up his past and arrange it in accurate distances. Perhaps, as a fact, the most uneventful lives are those most frequently thus noted down. It is something to do, and gives significance to what is felt an unimportant career. Lord Bacon remarks, "It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sea and sky, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it." The truth is, it is only in novels that the zeal to keep a record increases with the complication of business. After a busy day or week, our journal is a decided bore; but we need not say the more active and stirring the life we note down, at some cost, it may be of our ease, the more valuable, and even satisfactory—though satisfaction is by no means the thing to be aimed at or expected—will it be in the retrospect, and when we have floated into still waters again.

THE BANDIT AND THE RED BOOTS.—The chief of a very desperate gang of banditti who had amassed considerable wealth was taken by a soldier and conducted to the governor of the province at Ekalerinoslaf. Great reward had been offered for the person of this man, and it was supposed he would, of course, be immediately knouted. To the astonishment of the soldier who had been the means of his apprehension, a few days only had elapsed when he received a visit from the robber. He had been able to bribe the governor sufficiently to procure his release, in consequence whereof he had been liberated from confinement. "You have caught me," said he, addressing the soldier, "this time; but before you set out upon another expedition in search of me, I will accommodate you with a pair of red boots for the journey." Boots made of red leather are commonly worn in the Ukraine: but to give a man a pair of red boots, according to the saying of the Tartars, is to cut the skin round the upper part of his legs,

and then cause it to be torn off by the feet. This species of torture the banditti are said to practise, as an act of revenge: in the same manner, the Americans scalp the heads of their enemies. With this terrible threat, he made his escape, and no further inquiry was made after him, on the part of the police. The undaunted soldier, finding the little confidence that could be placed in his commander determined to take the administration of justice into his own hands, and once more adventured in pursuit of the robber, whose flight had spread terror through the country. After an undertaking full of danger, he found him in one of the little subterranean huts in the midst of the Steppes. Entering this place with pistols in his hand, "You promised me," said he, "a pair of red boots; I am come to be measured for them!" With these words, he discharged one of his pistols, and killing the robber on the spot, returned to his quarters.—*Clarke's Travels*, vol. 1, p. 594.

From The Spectator.

CORRESPONDENCE OF LEIGH HUNT.*

THESE two volumes are easier to read than to review; for though they are full of interesting matter, it is not of a kind which either requires criticism, or will bear being epitomized. More than that, "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt" has already given to the world the chief facts of the poet's life, and afforded an opportunity to a younger generation of writers for recording their views of his career. These letters, however, are valuable for the additional evidence which they supply, that the current estimate of Leigh Hunt's character is on the whole a just one; and it is in this capacity that they admit, we think, of being made most interesting to our readers.

There is one sensation, of which we are uninterruptedly conscious, as we read this correspondence, and that is, that we are in the company of a weak man. Both in his gayety and his grief, his business and his pleasure, there is in all he writes a want of fulness of tone—a something neither exactly feminine, nor exactly frivolous, but thin and volatile. It shows with what awe the then comparatively unknown power of the press was inspiring our Government, that Leigh Hunt's papers in the *Examiner* should ever have consigned him to a prison. They are words without thought, and would now-a-days take rank with the rhetorical rhapsodies of the nation. But they had the advantage of being truth, which lent them a power not their own.

It is only natural, though of course it is not inevitable, that a weak man should often show signs of that temper which is described as "pettishness;" and of such a temper there are numerous indications in these volumes. A good specimen to take will be Leigh Hunt's correspondence with the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, at that time (1841) a Mr. Napier, who had warned Hunt against "colloquialisms" in his articles; for this particular instance will enable us to introduce at the same time a specimen of the rare good sense and sound practical judgment of the late Lord Macaulay. Hunt had already written one or two articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, in regard to one of which Napier had expressed himself in a very hand-

some and complimentary manner. He now proposed to write another, provided he could find "some chatty subject," and it was the answer to this proposal which drew down his wrath upon the editor. After referring to another article upon the subject of Petrarch, which Hunt had in contemplation, Napier went on to say that he should like an intermediate short article very much, but that Hunt's use of the word "chatty" had rather alarmed him. He had, he said, already been much surprised by the prevalence of colloquial, not to say vulgar, expressions in the style of so accomplished a scholar, who had written, too, such exquisite verses; and his surprise had sometimes carried him so far as to make him fear for the durability of their connection. Then, after some polite assurances of his confidence that such errors could arise only from haste, he adds that if Hunt will send him an article for the next number "in an amusing but gentleman-like style," he will be delighted to receive it.

Now we think this language was inconsiderate. For a man doesn't like to be told that a valuable engagement is in peril, because he has used the word "bit" twelve times in an article; or to have it hinted, however indirectly, that anything he has ever done is not gentleman-like. But a man of sense, dignity, and self-respect would probably have taken no notice of it, and have explained it away to himself as Lord Macaulay afterwards explained it. But Hunt wrote to Macaulay what we can only describe as a feeble and lachrymose letter begging for his advice and assistance under this insult to his feelings. Macaulay wrote back an answer which is a model of propriety and wisdom. "Napier," said he, "had not intended by the word *gentleman-like* to reflect on Hunt's character or manners. His taste in composition was not so catholic as some men's,—

"He thinks your style too colloquial; and, no doubt, it has a very colloquial character. I wish it to retain that character, which to me is exceedingly pleasant. But I think that the danger against which you have to guard is excess in that direction. Napier is the very man to be startled by the smallest excess in that direction. Therefore I am not surprised that, when you proposed to send him a *chatty* article, he took fright, and recommended dignity and severity of style, and care to avoid what he calls vulgar expressions, such as *bit*. The question

* Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. In two volumes. Smith and Elder.

is purely one of taste. It has nothing to do with the morals or the honor.

"As to the tone of Napier's criticism, you must remember that his position with regard to the *Review*, and the habits of his life, are such that he cannot be expected to pick his words very nicely. He has superintended more than one great literary undertaking,—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for example. He has had to collect contributions from hundreds of men of letters, and has been answerable to the publishers and to the public for the whole. Of course he has been under the necessity of very frequently correcting, disapproving, and positively rejecting articles; and is now as little disturbed about such things as Sir Benjamin Brodie about performing a surgical operation. To my own personal knowledge he has positively refused to accept papers even from so great a man as Lord Brougham. He only a few months ago received an article on foreign politics from an eminent diplomatist. The style was not to his taste, and he altered it to an extent which greatly irritated the author. Mr. Carlyle formerly wrote for the *Review*,—a man of talents, though, in my opinion, absurdly overpraised by some of his admirers. I believe, though I do not know, that he ceased to write because the oddities of his diction and his new words compounded à la *Teutonique* drew such strong remonstrances from Napier. I could mention other instances, but these are sufficient to show you what I mean. He is really a good, friendly, and honorable man. He wishes for your assistance, but he thinks your style too colloquial. He conceives that, as the editor of the *Review*, he ought to tell you what he thinks. And, having during many years been in the habit of speaking his whole mind on such matters almost weekly to all sorts of people, he expresses himself with more plainness than delicacy."

This sensible advice had the desired effect, and Hunt proceeded with his article, though what was the subject which he eventually selected as a "chatty one," we are not informed.

Akin to pettishness, is egotism: that kind of egotism, at least, which is compounded of vanity and susceptibility. And we find a good deal of this, too, in Leigh Hunt's correspondence. In the last dozen years of his life this failing had increased. "The Story of Rimini," the "Legend of Florence," and the Old Examiners, are forever on his mind and on his pen. The great events which were passing in Europe, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Italian Revolution,

found him with an averted face fixed fondly on the past, of which the central figure was himself. Literally, there is not one allusion to any one of these three events throughout the whole of his correspondence. We must, however, in justice, allow that there are two circumstances which palliate this strange indifference. One is, that his struggle for a livelihood lasted to his dying day, and absorbed all the mental energies which age and sickness had left him. The other is, that the revival of the old warlike spirit both in England and Europe must naturally have been distasteful to the veteran opponent of Toryism, with which it is commonly identified. His laurels had been earned in support of widely different ideas; and he states as much, in fact, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Hunter (1857), where he says it is not the business of a poet "to halloo on these brutalities."

But, above all, through these letters is discernible that sensuous temperament which has often been imputed to Leigh Hunt, and for which, in our opinion, he has been blamed too severely. There is no great harm, after all, in a man being fond of flowers, fruit, and young spring greens, unless he neglects higher things in order to attain them. But Leigh Hunt was very fond of them; and his fondness was something, we fancy, quite different from what is commonly called a love of nature. "At present," says he, in a letter to Shelley, in 1818:—

"I have made myself a nook to write in of a morning in the corner of the room where Raphael stood—as thus: I have taken his place under the print of Shakspeare, in a chair with a table before me, put his bust on it, with a rose-tree at the side towards the door, and filled the outside of the window with geraniums, myrtles, daisies, heartsease, and a vase full of gay flowers; so that, with the new spring green in the garden, my books on the right, the picture of Jacques and the Stag under Milton, and two plaster-cast vases, which — has just sent me, on each side of the Mercury on the piano, I have nothing but sights of beauty, genius, and morality all about me."

"We have had a late spring here," he writes, to the same correspondent two years afterwards:—

"But it is supposed the summer will be the finer for it. The blossoms will not be so blighted. The fields and gardens are full of that exquisite young green, crisp and

juicy, the quintessence of rain and sunshine, which is a beauty I suppose you will concede us even from the Vale of Arno."

Many other passages might be quoted, which all go to confirm the impression made by these, namely, that he loved nature and natural beauties not only poetically but voluptuously; and this kind of temperament, if not kept in check by loftier and sterner conceptions, is just the one to give way to physical self-indulgence, even though it go no further than habits of indolence and contemplation.

It is a significant feature in Leigh Hunt's career, that he never attained to any of the prizes of his profession. We mean even the inferior and ordinary prizes—the editorships of magazines and newspapers—which relieve a man at all events from the difficulties which Hunt experienced. Yet were it not for this circumstance, one of the most interesting, and in some respects most creditable aspects of his character and career would be wanting. We mean the aspect under which he comes before us at the age of threescore years and ten, still a working litterateur and journalist, as he had begun life at twenty-five. We find him in these letters still ap-

plying for work, still projecting articles, and still patching up republications with all the ardor and freshness of one who had never looked for better things. Nor do we find in these letters any expressions of discontent with his own position in the abstract, or any of those complaints, which men of letters are too prone to make, that his merits were neglected by the world. He seems to have been fully satisfied to remain a literary man to the last, and to be quite happy if he could see his way before him for a month. He does once record with some degree of bitterness that an execution was put into his house for forty shillings; but then his chief cause of complaint seems to have been that the bailiff interrupted him at dinner. We don't say that this easy way of taking things testifies to the highest kind of philosophy. Yet there is something amiable in the life of uncomplaining toil which Hunt followed to the last, something admirable in the simple fidelity with which he clung to literature; and something very interesting to all literary men in the spectacle of a veteran of seventy-four going about the routine of his profession with all the freshness and hopefulness of youth.

A WATERLOO ANECDOTE.—Sir H. Blane, professing to give "a correct version of the death of that fine soldier, General Ponsonby, at Waterloo," gives an account which is in every particular but one erroneous. He has indeed jumbled together two persons of the same name (as Mr. Spencer Lyttleton has pointed out in the *Times*), and has attributed to Major-General the Hon. Wm. Ponsonby what happened to the Hon. Colonel Ponsonby, and to the Colonel what happened to the General. General Ponsonby did die, Colonel Ponsonby survived Waterloo for many years. The facts are these.

Colonel Ponsonby, of the 12th Dragoons, was stretched wounded on the ground, and a Polish Lancer seeing some life in him, said, using a filthy expression, "*f—, you are not yet dead,*" and deliberately ran his lance into the disabled man's body more than once. Some French riflemen then took possession of the ground where Ponsonby lay, and they made a heap of the bodies they found on the spot to serve as a sort of parapet, from behind which they fired kneeling. Ponsonby had the luck of being placed at the top of the pile, and the rifleman who was using his body both as shield and rest,

observing some signs of life in him, instead of acting as the savage, dastardly Lancer had done, gave him a drink of brandy out of his flask. As the day wore on, Ponsonby's sufferings became so intolerable that he implored the friendly foe to put his rifle to his head and despatch him, but the gallant fellow said, "No, cheer up, the day's your own, we are in full retreat; farewell, I must be off." We are afraid to say how many wounds Ponsonby had, we believe they were not under a dozen, and his survival was attributed to his remaining on the ground exposed to the cold (for cold it was though midsummer) for nearly forty-eight hours, which kept down fever that would otherwise have supervened. He recovered to tell the story we have repeated, and few finer looking men could be seen than he was, after having been riddled and pierced with a dozen wounds. But mark what death was in store for a man who had survived what we have faintly described. *Exitus ergo quis est? Heu gloria!* The hero died of the merry-thought of a chicken. He was choked by a chicken bone at Marral Green on his road to Southampton, twenty-two years after his escape of all the horrors of the field of Waterloo.—*Punch*.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Miss Hilary reached home, Elizabeth opened the door to her; the parlor was deserted.

Miss Leaf had gone to lie down, and Miss Selina was away to see the Lord Mayor's Show with Mr. Peter Ascott.

"With Mr. Peter Ascott!" Hilary was a little surprised; but, on second thoughts, she found it natural; Selina was glad of any amusement,—to her, not only the narrowness but the dulness of their poverty was inexpressibly galling. "She will be back to dinner, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth, briefly.

Had Miss Hilary been less pre-occupied, she would have noticed something not quite right about the girl—something that at any other time would have aroused the direct question, "What is the matter, Elizabeth?" For Miss Hilary did not consider it beneath her dignity to observe that matters might occasionally go wrong with this solitary young woman, away from her friends, and exposed to all the annoyances of London lodgings, that many little things might be happening to worry and perplex her. If the mistress could not set them right, she could at least give the word of kindly sympathy, as precious to "a poor servant" as to the queen on her throne.

This time, however, it came not, and Elizabeth disappeared below stairs immediately.

The girl was revolving in her own mind a difficult ethical question. To-day, for the first time in her life, she had *not* "told Miss Hilary everything." Two things had happened, and she could not make up her mind as to whether she ought to communicate them.

Now Elizabeth had a conscience, by nature a very tender one, and which from circumstances, had been cultivated into a much higher sensitiveness than, alas! is common among her class, or, indeed, in any class. This, if an error, was Miss Hilary's doing: it probably caused Elizabeth a few more miseries and vexations and painful shocks in the world than she would have had, had she imbibed only the ordinary tone of morality, especially the morality of ordinary domestic servants; but it was an error upon which, in summing up her life, the Recording Angel would gravely smile.

The first trial had happened at breakfast-time. Ascott, descending earlier than his wont, had asked her, Did any gentleman, short and dirty, with a hooked nose, inquire for him yesterday?

Elizabeth thought a minute, and recollected that some person answering the above not too flattering description had called, but refused to leave his name, saying he did not know the ladies, but was a particular friend of Mr. Leaf.

Ascott laughed. "So he is—a very particular friend; but my aunts would not fancy him, and I don't want him to come here. Say, if he calls, that I'm gone out of town."

"Very well, sir. Shall you start before dinner?" said Elizabeth, whose practical mind immediately recurred to that meal, and to the joint always contrived to be hot on the days that Ascott dined at home.

He seemed excessively tickled. "Bless you, you are the greatest innocent! Just say what I tell you, and never mind—hush! here's Aunt Hilary."

And Miss Hilary's anxious face, white with long wakefulness, had put out of Elizabeth's head the answer that was coming; indeed, the matter slipped from her mind altogether, in consequence of another circumstance, which gave her much more perplexity.

During her young mistress' absence, supposing Miss Selina out too, and Miss Leaf up-stairs, she had come suddenly into the parlor without knocking. There, to her amazement, she saw Miss Selina and Mr. Ascott standing, in close conversation, over the fire. They were so engrossed that they did not notice her, and she shut the door again immediately. But what confounded her was, that she was certain, absolutely certain, Mr. Ascott had his arm round Miss Selina's waist!

Now that was no business of hers, and yet the faithful domestic was a good deal troubled; still more so, when, by Miss Leaf's excessive surprise at hearing of the visitor who had come and gone, carrying Miss Selina away to the city, she was certain the elder sister was completely in the dark as to anything going to happen in the family.

Could it be a wedding? Could Miss Selina really love, and be intending to marry,

that horrid little man? For, strange to say, this young servant had, what many a young beauty of rank and fashion has not, or has lost forever,—the true, pure, womanly creed, that loving and marrying are synonymous terms; that to let a man put his arm round your waist when you do not intend to marry him, or to intend to marry him for money or anything else when you do not really love him, are things quite impossible and incredible to any womanly mind. A creed somewhat out of date, and perhaps existing only in stray nooks of the world; but, thank God! it does exist. Hilary had it, and she had taught it to Elizabeth.

"I wonder whether Miss Hilary knows of this? I wonder what she would say to it?"

And now arose the perplexing ethical question aforesaid, as to whether Elizabeth ought to tell her.

It was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines—the same for the kitchen as for the parlor, nay, preached strongest in the kitchen, where the mysteries of the parlor are often so cruelly exposed—that a secret accidentally found out should be kept as sacred as if actually confided; also, that the secret of an enemy should no more be betrayed than that of a beloved and trusting friend.

"Miss Selina isn't my enemy," smiled Elizabeth; "but I'm not over fond of her, and so I'd rather not tell of her, or vex her if I can help it. Anyhow, I'll keep it to myself for a bit."

But the secret weighed heavily upon her, and besides, her honest heart felt a certain diminution of respect for Miss Selina. What could she see to like in that common-looking, commonplace man, whom she could not have met a dozen times, of whose domestic life she knew nothing, and whose personality Elizabeth, with the sharp observation often found in her class, probably because coarse people do not care to hide their coarseness from servants, had speedily set down at her own valuation, "Neither carriage nor horses, nor nothing, will ever make *him* a gentleman."

He, however, sent Miss Selina home magnificently in the said carriage; Ascott with her, who had been picked up somewhere in the city, and who came in to his dinner without the slightest reference to going "out of town."

But in spite of her Lord Mayor's Show,

and the great attention which she said she had received from "various members of the Common Council of the city of London," Miss Selina was, for her, quite meditative, and did not talk quite so much as usual. There was in the little parlor an uncomfortable atmosphere, as if all of them had something on their minds. Hilary felt the ice must be broken, and if she did not do it, nobody else would. So she said, stealing her hand into Johanna's, under shelter of the dim firelight,—

"Selina, I wanted to have a little family consultation. I have just received an offer."

"An offer!" repeated Miss Selina with a visible start. "Oh, I forgot: you went to see your friend, Miss Balquidder, this morning. Did you get anything out of her? Has she any nephews and nieces wanting a governess?"

"She has no relations at all. But I will just tell you the story of my visit."

"I hope it's interesting," said Ascott, who was lying on the sofa, half asleep—his general habit after dinner. He woke, however, during his Aunt Hilary's relation, and when she reached its climax, that the offer was for her to manage a stationer's shop, he burst out, heartily laughing,—

"Well, that is a rich idea. I'll come and buy of you. You'll look so pretty standing behind a counter."

But Selina said angrily, "You cannot even think of such a thing. It would be a disgrace to the family."

"No," said Hilary, clasping tightly her elder sister's hand—they two had already talked the matter over: "I cannot see any disgrace. If our family is so poor that the women must earn their living as well as the men, all we have to see is that it should be honestly earned. What do you say, Ascott?"

She looked earnestly at him; she wanted sorely to find out what he really thought.

But Ascott took it, as he did everything, very easily. "I don't see why Aunt Selina should make such a fuss. Why need you do anything, Aunt Hilary? Can't we hold out a little longer, and live upon tick till I get into practice? Of course, I shall then take care of you all; I'm the head of the family. How horridly dark this room is!"

He started up, and gave the fire a fierce poke, which consumed in five minutes a

large lump of coal, that Hilary had hoped—oh, cruel, sordid economy!—would have lasted half the evening.

She broke the uneasy silence which followed, by asking Johanna to give her opinion.

Johanna roused herself, and spoke,—

"Ascott says right; he is the head of the family, and by and by I trust will take care of us all. But he is not able to do it now, and, meantime, we must live."

"To be sure we must, auntie."

"I mean, my boy, we must live honestly; we must not run into debt:" and her voice sharpened, as with the reflected horror of her young days, if, alas! there ever had been any youth for Henry Leaf's eldest daughter. "No, Ascott, out of debt, out of danger. For myself," she laid her thin old fingers on his arm, and looked up at him with a pitiful mixture of reliance and hopelessness, "I would rather see you breaking stones in the road, than living like a gentleman—as you call it—and a swindler—as I call it—upon other people's money."

Ascott sprang up, coloring violently. "You use strong language, Aunt Johanna. Never mind. I dare say you are right. However, it's no business of mine. Good-night, for I have an engagement."

Hilary said gravely, she wished he would stay and join in the family consultation.

"Oh, no; I hate talking over things. Settle it among yourselves. As I said, it isn't my business."

"You don't care, then, what becomes of us all? I sometimes begin to think so."

Struck by the tone, Ascott stopped in the act of putting on his lilac kid gloves.

"What have I done? I may be a very bad fellow, but I'm not quite so bad as that, Aunt Hilary."

"She didn't mean it, my boy," said Aunt Johanna, tenderly.

He was moved, more by the tenderness than the reproach. He came and kissed his eldest aunt in that warm-hearted, impulsive way which had won him forgiveness for many a boyish fault. It did so now.

"I know I'm not half good enough to you, auntie, but I mean to be. I mean to work hard, and be a rich man some day; and then you may be sure I shall not let my Aunt Hilary keep a shop. Now, good-night, for I must meet a fellow on business

—really business—that may turn out good for us all, I assure you."

He went away whistling, with that air of untroubled, good-natured liveliness peculiar to Ascott Leaf, which made them say continually that he was "only a boy," living a boy's life, as thoughtless and as free. When his handsome face disappeared, the three women sat down again round the fire.

They made no comments on him whatever; they were women, and he was their own. But—passing him over as if he had never existed—Hilary began to explain to her sisters all particulars of her new scheme for maintaining the family. She told these details in a matter-of-fact way, as already arranged; and finally hoped Selina would make no more objections.

"It is a thing quite impossible," said Selina with dignity.

"Why impossible? I can certainly do the work; and it cannot make me less of a lady. Besides, we had better not be ladies, if we cannot be honest ones. And, Selina, where is the money to come from? We have none in the house; we cannot get any till Christmas."

"Opportunities might occur. We have friends."

"Not one in London: except, perhaps, Mr. Ascott, and I would not ask him for a farthing. You don't see, Selina, how horrible it would be to be helped—unless by some one dearly loved. I couldn't bear it! I'd rather beg, starve, almost steal!"

"Don't be violent, child."

"Oh, but it's hard!" and the cry of long-smothered pain burst out. "Hard enough to have to earn one's bread in a way one doesn't like; harder still to have to be parted from Johanna from Monday morning till Saturday night. But it must be. I'll go. It's a case between hunger, debt, and work; the first is unpleasant; the second impossible; the third is my only alternative. You must consent, Selina, for I *will* do it."

"Don't!" Selina spoke more gently, and not without some natural emotion—"don't disgrace me, child; for I may as well tell you,—I meant to do so to-night,—Mr. Ascott has made me an offer of marriage, and I—I have accepted it."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the middle of the parlor at No. 15, its inmates—that is,

two of them—could not have been more astounded.

No doubt this surprise was a great instance of simplicity on their part. Many women would have prognosticated, planned the thing from the first; thought it a most excellent match; seen glorious visions of the house in Russell Square; of the wealth and luxury that would be the portion of "dear Selina," and the general benefit that the marriage would be to the whole Leaf family.

But these two were different from others. They only saw their sister Selina, a woman no longer young, and not without her peculiarities, going to be married to a man she knew little or nothing about; a man whom they themselves had endured rather than liked, and for the sake of gratitude. He was trying enough merely as a chance visitor. But to look upon Mr. Ascott as a brother-in-law as a husband—

"O Selina, you cannot be in earnest?"

"Why not? Why should I not be married as well as my neighbors?" said she, sharply.

Nobody arguing that point, both being indeed too bewildered to argue at all, she continued majestically,—

"I assure you, sisters, there could not be a more unexceptionable offer. It is true, Mr. Ascott's origin was rather humble; but I can overlook that. In his present wealth, and with his position and character, he will make the best of husbands."

Not a word was answered; what could be answered? Selina was free to marry if she liked, and whom she liked. Perhaps, from her nature, it was idle to expect her to marry in any other way than this; one of the thousand and one unions where the man desires a handsome, lady-like wife for the head of his establishment, and the woman wishes an elegant establishment to be mistress of; so they strike a bargain—possibly as good as most other bargains.

Still, with one faint lingering of hope, Hilary asked if she had quite decided?

"Quite. He wrote to me last night, and I gave him his answer this morning."

Selina certainly had not troubled anybody with her "love affairs." It was entirely a matter of business.

The sisters saw at once that she had made up her mind. Henceforward there could be no criticism of Mr. Peter Ascott.

Now all was told, she talked freely of her excellent prospects.

"He has behaved handsomely—very much so. He makes a good settlement on me, and says how happy he will be to help my family, so as to enable you always to make a respectable appearance."

"We are exceedingly obliged to him."

"Don't be sharp, Hilary. He means well. And he must feel that this marriage is a sort of—ahem! condescension on my part, which I never should have dreamt of twenty years ago."

Selina sighed: could it be at the thought of that twenty years ago? Perhaps, shallow as she seemed, this woman might once have had some fancy, some ideal man whom she expected to meet and marry; possibly a very different sort of man from Mr. Peter Ascott. However, the sigh was but momentary; she plunged back again into all the arrangements of her wedding, every one of which, down to the wedding-dress, she had evidently decided.

"And, therefore, you see," she added, as if the unimportant, almost forgotten item of discussion had suddenly occurred to her, "it's quite impossible that my sister should keep a shop. I shall tell Mr. Ascott, and you will see what he says to it."

But when Mr. Ascott appeared next day in solemn state as an accepted lover, he seemed to care very little about the matter. He thought it was a good thing for everybody to be independent; did not see why young women—he begged pardon, young ladies—should not earn their own bread if they liked. He only wished that the shop were a little farther off than Kensington, and hoped the name of Leaf would not be put over the door.

But the bride-elect, indignant and annoyed, begged her lover to interfere, and prevent the scheme from being carried out.

"Don't vex yourself, my dear Selina," said he drily—how Hilary started to hear this stranger use the household name—"but I can't see that it's my business to interfere. I marry you; I don't marry your whole family."

"Mr. Ascott is quite right; we will end the subject," said Johanna, with grave dignity: while Hilary sat with burning cheeks, thinking that, miserable as the family had been, it had never till now known real degradation.

But her heart was very sore that day. In the morning had come the letter from India. never omitted, never delayed; Robert Lyon was punctual as clockwork in everything he did. It came, but this month it was a short and somewhat sad letter,—hinting of failing health, uncertain prospects; full of a bitter longing to come home, and a dread that it would be years before that longing was realized.

"My only consolation is," he wrote, for once betraying himself a little, "that however hard my life out here may be, I bear it alone."

But that consolation was not so easy to Hilary. That they two should be wasting their youth apart, when just a little heap of yellow coins—of which men like Mr. Ascott had such profusion—would bring them together; and, let trials be many, or poverty hard, give them the unutterable joy of being once more face to face and heart to heart,—oh, it was sore, sore!

Yet when she went up from the parlor, where the newly affianced couple sat together, "making believe" a passion that did not exist, and acting out the sham courtship, proper for the gentleman to pay, and the lady to receive,—when she shut her bedroom door, and there, sitting in the cold, read again and again Robert Lyon's letter to Johanna, so good, so honest, so sad, yet so bravely enduring,—Hilary was comforted. She felt that true love, in its most unsatisfied longings, its most cruel delays, nay, even its sharpest agonies of hopeless separation, is sweeter ten thousand times than the most "respectable" of loveless marriages, such as this.

So, at the week's end, Hilary went patiently to her work at Kensington, and Selina began the preparations for her wedding.

CHAPTER XV.

IN relating so much about her mistresses, I have lately seemed to overlook Elizabeth Hand.

She was a person easy enough to be overlooked. She never put herself forward, not even now, when Miss Hilary's absence caused the weight of housekeeping and domestic management to fall chiefly upon her. She went about her duties as soberly and silently as she had done in her girlhood; even Miss Leaf could not draw her into much demon-

strativeness: she was one of those people who never "come out" till they are strongly needed, and then—— But it remained to be proved what this girl could be.

Years afterwards, Hilary remembered with what a curious reticence Elizabeth used to go about in those days: how she remained as old-fashioned as ever; acquired no London ways, no fripperies of dress, no flippancies of manner. Also, that she never complained of anything; though the discomforts of her lodging-house life must have been great,—greater than her mistresses had any idea of at the time. Slowly, out of her rough, unpliant girlhood, was forming that character of self-reliance and self-control, which, in all ranks, makes of some women the helpers rather than the helped, the laborers rather than the pleasure-seekers; women whose constant lot it seems to be to walk on the shadowed side of life, to endure rather than to enjoy.

Elizabeth had very little actual enjoyment. She made no acquaintances, and never asked for holidays. Indeed, she did not seem to care for any. Her great treat was when, on a Sunday afternoon, Miss Hilary sometimes took her to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; when her pleasure and gratitude always struck her mistress, nay, even soothed her, and won her from her own many anxieties. It is such a blessing to be able to make any other human being, even for an hour or two, entirely happy!

Except these bright Sundays, Elizabeth's whole time was spent in waiting upon Miss Leaf, who had seemed to grow suddenly frail and old. It might be that living without her child six days out of the seven, was a greater trial than had at first appeared to the elder sister, who until now had never parted with her since she was born; or it was perhaps a more commonplace and yet natural cause, the living in London lodgings, without even a change of air from room to room; and the want of little comforts and luxuries, which, with all Hilary's care, were as impossible as ever to their limited means.

For Selina's engagement, which, as a matter of decorum, she had insisted should last six months, did not lessen expenses. Old gowns were shabby, and omnibuses impossible to the future Mrs. Ascott of Russell Square; and though, to do her justice, she

spent as little as her self-pleasing nature could do, still she spent something.

"It's the last; I shall never cost you any more," she would say complacently; and revert to that question of absorbing interest, her *trousseau*, an extremely handsome one, provided liberally by Mr. Ascott. Soresly had this arrangement jarred upon the pride of the Leaf family: yet it was inevitable. But no personal favors would the other two sisters have accepted from Mr. Ascott, even had he offered them,—which he did not,—save a dress each for the marriage, and a card for the marriage-breakfast, which, he also arranged, was to take place at a hotel.

So, in spite of the expected wedding, there was little change in the dull life that went on at No. 15. Its only brightness was when Miss Hilary came home from Saturday to Monday. And in those brief glimpses, when, as was natural, she on her side and they on theirs, put on their best face, so to speak, each trying to hide from the other any special care,—it so fell out that Miss Hilary never discovered a thing which, week by week, Elizabeth resolved to speak to her about, and yet never could. For it was not her own affair; it seemed like presumptuously meddling in the affairs of the family. Above all, it involved the necessity of something which looked like tale-bearing and backbiting of a person she disliked, and there was in Elizabeth—servant as she was—an instinctive chivalrous honor which made her especially anxious to be just to her enemies.

Enemy, however, is a large word to use; and yet day by day her feelings grew more bitter towards the person concerned; namely, Mr. Ascott Leaf. It was not from any badness in him; he was the sort of young man always likely to be a favorite with what would be termed his "inferiors," easy, good-tempered, and gentlemanly, giving a good deal of trouble certainly, but giving it so agreeably, that few servants would have grumbled, and paying for it—as he apparently thought everything could be paid for—with a pleasant word and a handful of silver.

But Elizabeth's distaste for him had deeper roots. The principal one was his exceeding indifference to his aunts' affairs, great and small, from the marriage, which

he briefly designated as a "jolly lark," to the sharp economies which, even with the addition of Miss Hilary's salary, were still requisite. None of these latter did he ever seem to notice, except when they pressed upon himself, when he neither scolded nor argued, but simply went out and avoided them.

He was now absent from home more than ever, and apparently tried as much as possible to keep the household in the dark as to his movements—leaving at uncertain times, never saying what hour he would be back, or if he said so, never keeping to his word. This was the more annoying, as there were a number of people continually inquiring for him, hanging about the house, and waiting to see him "on business:" and some of these occasionally commented on the young gentleman in such unflattering terms, that Elizabeth was afraid they would reach the ear of Mrs. Jones, and henceforward tried always to attend to the door herself.

But Mrs. Jones was a wide-awake woman. She had not let lodgings for thirty years for nothing. Ere long she discovered, and took good care to inform Elizabeth of her discovery, that Mr. Ascott Leaf was what is euphuistically termed "in difficulties."

And here one word, lest in telling this poor lad's story, I may be supposed to tell it harshly or uncharitably, as if there were no crime greater than that which a large portion of society seems to count as none; as if, at the merest mention of that ugly word *debt*, this rabid author flew out, and made all the ultra-virtuous persons, whose history is here told, fly out, like turkeys after a bit of red cloth, which is a very harmless scrap of red cloth after all.

Most true: some kind of debt deserves only compassion. The merchant suddenly failing; the tenderly reared family who by some strange blunder or unkind kindness have been kept in ignorance of their real circumstances, and been spending pounds for which there was only pence to pay; the individuals, men or women, who, without any laxity of principle, are such utter children in practice, that they have to learn the value and use of money by hard experience, much as a child does, and are little better than children in all that concerns L. S. D. to the end of their days.

But these are debtors by accident, not

error. The deliberate debtor, who orders what he knows he has no means of paying for; the pleasure-loving debtor who cannot renounce one single luxury for conscience' sake; the well-meaning, lazy debtor, who might make "ends met," but does not, simply because he will not take the trouble; upon such as these it is right to have no mercy,—they deserve none.

To which of these classes young Ascott Leaf belonged, his story will show. I tell it, or rather let it tell itself, and point its own moral; it is the story of hundreds and thousands.

That a young fellow should not enjoy his youth would be hard; that it should be pleasant to him to dress well, live well, and spend with open hand upon himself, as well as others, no one will question. No one would ever wish it otherwise. Many a kindly spendthrift of twenty-one makes a prudent paterfamilias at forty, while a man who in his twenties showed a purposeless niggardliness, would at sixty grow into the most contemptible miser alive. There is something even in the thoughtless liberality of youth to which one's heart warms, even while one's wisdom reproves. But what struck Elizabeth was that Ascott's liberalities were always towards himself, and himself only.

Sometimes when she took in a parcel of new clothes, while others, yet unpaid for, were tossing in wasteful disorder about his room, or when she cleaned indefinite pairs of handsome boots, and washed dozens of the finest cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, her spirit grew hot within her to remember Miss Hilary's countless wants and contrivances in the matter of dress, and all the little domestic comforts which Miss Leaf's frail health required—things which never once seemed course not, it will be said, how could a young to cross the nephew's imagination. Of man be expected to trouble himself about these things?

But they do though. Answer, many a widow's son; many a needful brother of orphan sisters; many a solitary clerk living and paying his way upon the merest pittance: is it not better to think of others than one's self? Can a man, even a young man, find his highest happiness in mere personal enjoyment?

However, let me cease throwing these

pebbles of preaching under the wheels of my story; as it moves on, it will preach enough for itself.

Elizabeth's annoyances, suspicions, and conscience-pricks as to whether she ought or ought not to communicate both, came to an end at last. Gradually she made up her mind that, even if it did look like tale-bearing, on the following Saturday night Miss Hilary must know all.

It was an anxious week, for Miss Leaf had fallen ill. Not seriously: and she never complained until her sister had left, when she returned to her bed and did not again rise. She would not have Miss Hilary sent for, nor Miss Selina, who was away paying a ceremonious pre-nuptial visit to Mr. Ascott's partner's wife at Dulwich.

"I don't want anything that you cannot do for me. You are becoming a first-rate nurse, Elizabeth," she said, with that passive, peaceful smile, which almost frightened the girl; it seemed as if she were slipping away from this world and all its cares, into another existence. Elizabeth felt that to tell her anything about her nephew's affairs was perfectly impossible. How thankful she was that in the quiet of the sick-room her mistress was kept in ignorance of the knocks and inquiries at the door, and especially of a certain ominous paper which had fallen into Mrs. Jones' hands, and informed her, as she took good care to inform Elizabeth, that any day "the bailiffs" might be after her young master.

"And the sooner the whole set of you clear out of my house the better; I'm a decent, respectable woman," said Mrs. Jones, that very morning; and Elizabeth had had to beg her as a favor, not to disturb her sick mistress, but to wait one day, till Miss Hilary came home.

Also, when Ascott, ending with a cheerful and careless countenance his ten minutes' after-breakfast chat in his aunt's room, had met Elizabeth on the staircase, he had stopped to bid her say, if anybody wanted him, he was gone to Birmingham, and would not be home till Monday. And on Elizabeth's hesitating, she having determined to tell no more of these involuntary lies, he had been very angry, and then stooped to entreaties, begging her to do as he asked, or it would be the ruin of him. Which she understood well enough, when all the day, she

—grown painfully wise, poor girl!—watched a Jewish-looking man hanging about the house, and noticing everybody that went in or out of it.

Now, sitting at Miss Leaf's window, she fancied she saw this man disappear into the gin-palace opposite, and at the same moment a figure darted hurriedly round the street-corner, and into the door of No. 15.

Elizabeth looked to see if her mistress were asleep, and then crept quietly out of the room, shutting the door after her. Listening, she heard the sound of the latch-key, and of some one coming stealthily upstairs.

"Hollo!—Oh, it's only you, Elizabeth!"

"Shall I light your candle, sir?"

But when she did, the light was not pleasant. Drenched with rain, his collar pulled up, and his hat slouched, so as in some measure to act as a disguise, breathless and trembling—hardly anybody would have recognized in this discreditable object that gentlemanly young man, Mr. Ascott Leaf.

He staggered into his room, and threw himself across the bed.

"Do you want anything, sir?" said Elizabeth from the door.

"No—yes—stay a minute. Elizabeth, are you to be trusted?"

"I hope I am, sir."

"The bailiffs are after me. I've just dodged them. If they know I'm here, the game's all up—and it will kill my aunt."

Shocked as she was, Elizabeth was glad to hear him say that—glad to see the burst of real emotion with which he flung himself down on the pillow, muttering all sorts of hopeless self-accusations.

"Come, sir, 'tis no use taking on so," said she, much as she would have spoken to a child, for there was something childish rather than manlike in Ascott's distress. Nevertheless, she pitied him, with the unreasoning pity a kind heart gives to any creature who, blameworthy or not, has fallen into trouble. "What do you mean to do?"

"Nothing. I'm cleaned out. And I haven't a friend in the world."

He turned his face to the wall in perfect despair.

Elizabeth tried hard not to sit in judgment upon what the catechism would call her "betters;" and yet her own strong instinct of almost indefinite endurance turned with

something approaching contempt from this weak, lightsome nature, broken by the first touch of calamity.

"Come, it's no use making things worse than they are. If nobody knows that you are here, lock your door and keep quiet. I'll bring you some dinner when I bring up missis' tea; and not even Mrs. Jones will be any the wiser."

"You're a brick, Elizabeth; a regular brick!" cried the young fellow, brightening up at the least relief. "That will be capital. Get me a good slice of beef, or ham, or something. And mind you, don't forget! a regular stunning bottle of pale ale."

"Very well, sir."

The acquiescence was somewhat sullen, and had he watched Elizabeth's face, he might have seen there an expression not too flattering. But she faithfully brought him his dinner, and kept his secret; even though, hearing from over the staircase Mrs. Jones resolutely deny that Mr. Leaf had been at home since morning, she felt very much as if she were conniving at a lie. With a painful, half-guilty consciousness she waited for her mistress' usual question, "Is my nephew come home?" but fortunately it was not asked. Miss Leaf lay quiet and passive, and her faithful nurse settled her for the night with a strangely solemn feeling as if she were leaving her to her last rest, safe and at peace before the overhanging storm broke upon the family.

But all shadow of this storm seemed to have passed away from him who was its cause. As soon as the house was still, Ascott crept down and fell to his supper with as good an appetite as possible. He even became free and conversational.

"Don't look so glum, Elizabeth. I shall soon weather through. Old Ascott will fork out; he couldn't help it. I'm to be his nephew, you know. Oh, that was a clever catch of Aunt Selina. If only Aunt Hilary would try another like it."

"If you please, sir, I'm going to bed."

"Off with you, then, and I'll not forget the gown at Christmas. You're a sharp young woman, and I'm much obliged to you." And for a moment he looked as if he were about to make the usual unmanly acknowledgment of civility from a young gentleman to a servant maid—viz., kissing her—but he pulled a face and drew

back. He really couldn't; she was so very plain.

At this moment there came a violent ring, and "Fire!" was shouted through the key-hole of the door. Terrified, Elizabeth opened it, when, with a burst of laughter, a man rushed in, and laid hands upon Ascott.

It was the sheriff's officer.

When his trouble came upon him, Ascott's manliness returned. He turned very white, but he made no opposition,—had even enough of his wits about him—or something better than wits—to stop Mrs. Jones from rushing up in alarm and indignation to arouse Miss Leaf.

"No; she'll know it quite soon enough. Let her sleep till morning. Elizabeth, look here." He wrote upon a card the address of the place he was to be taken to. "Give Aunt Hilary this. Say, if she can think of a way to get me out of this horrid mess—but I don't deserve it. Never mind. Come on, you fellows."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, jumped into the cab, and was gone. The whole thing had not occupied five minutes.

Stupefied, Elizabeth stood, and considered what was best to be done. Miss Hilary must be told; but how to get at her in the middle of the night, thereby leaving her mistress to the mercy of Mrs. Jones? It would never do. Suddenly she thought of Miss Balquidder. She might send a message. No; not a message—for the family misery and disgrace must not be betrayed to a stranger—but a letter, to Kensington.

With an effort, Elizabeth composed herself sufficiently to write one—her first—to her dear Miss Hilary.

"HONORED MADAM,—Mr. Leaf has got himself into trouble, and is taken away somewhere; and I dare not tell missis; and I wish you was at home, as she is not well, but better than she has been, and she shall know nothing about it till you come.—Your obedient and affectionate servant,

"ELIZABETH HAND."

Taking Ascott's latchkey, she quitted the house, and slipped out into the dark night, almost losing her way among the gloomy squares, where she met not a creature except the solitary policeman, plashing steadily along the wet pavement. When he turned the glimmer of his bull's-eye upon her she started like a guilty creature, till she remem-

bered that she really was doing nothing wrong, and so need not be afraid of anything. This was her simple creed, which Miss Hilary had taught her, and it upheld her, even till she knocked at Miss Balquidder's door.

There, poor girl, her heart sank, especially when Miss Balquidder, in an anomalous costume and a severe voice, opened the door herself, and asked who was there, disturbing a respectable family at this late hour?

Elizabeth answered, what she had before determined to say, as sufficiently explaining her errand, and yet betraying nothing that her mistress might wish concealed.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Miss Leaf's servant. My missis is ill, and I want a letter sent at once to Miss Hilary."

"Oh! come in, then. Elizabeth, I think, your name is?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What made you leave home at this hour of the night? Did your mistress send you?"

"No."

"Is she so very ill? It seems sudden. I saw Miss Hilary to-day, and she knew nothing at all about it."

Elizabeth shrank a little before the keen eye that seemed to read her through.

"There's more amiss than you have told me, young woman. Is it because your mistress is in serious danger that you want to send for her sister?"

"No."

"What is it, then? You had better tell me at once. I hate concealment."

It was a trial but Elizabeth held her ground.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think missis would like anybody to know, and therefore I'd rather not tell you."

Now the honest Scotswoman, as she said, hated anything underhand, but she respected the right of every human being to maintain silence if necessary. She looked sharply in Elizabeth's face, which apparently reassured her, for she said not unkindly,—

"Very well, child, keep your mistress' secrets by all means. Only tell me what you want. Shall I take a cab, and fetch Miss Hilary at once?"

Elizabeth thanked her, but said she thought that would not do; it would be better just to send the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and then Miss Hilary would come home just as if nothing had

happened, and Miss Leaf would not be frightened by her sudden appearance.

"You are a good, mindful girl," said Miss Balquidder. "How did you learn to be so sensible?"

At the kindly word and manner, Elizabeth, bewildered and exhausted with the excitement she had gone through, and agitated by the feeling of having, for the first time in her life, to act on her own responsibility, gave way a little, she did not actually cry, but she was very near it.

Miss Balquidder called over the stair-head, in her quick, imperative voice,—

"David, is your wife away to her bed yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then tell her to fetch this young woman to the kitchen, and give her some supper. And afterwards, will you see her safe home? Poor lassie! she's awfully tired, you see."

"Yes, ma'am."

And, following David's gray head, Elizabeth, for the first time since she came to London, took a comfortable meal in a comfortable kitchen, seasoned with such stories of Miss Balquidder's goodness and generosity, that when, an hour after, she went home and to sleep, it was with a quieter and more hopeful spirit than she could have believed possible under the circumstances.

THE NEW PENSIONS IN ENGLAND.—Lord Palmerston has just distributed the civil list pensions of England; and among the pensioners is Charles Mackay, the poet, who is at present residing on Staten Island. The following is the list:—

LITERATURE.

Mr. Charles Mackay, £100, in consideration of his contributions to poetry and to general literature.

Miss Emma Robinson, £75, in consideration of her many romances, historical plays, and other contributions to periodical literature, of admitted excellence.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, £100, in acknowledgment of his labors to enrich the literature of his country, and to elevate the intellectual condition of the poor.

Mr. Thomas Roscoe, £50, in consideration of his literary labors.

Mr. John Seymer, £100, in consideration of his contributions to literature, and of his career of usefulness at home, and of educational labors among the natives of India, in spite of his being blind from within two years of his birth.

Mr. Isaac Taylor, £100, in public acknowledgment of his eminent services to literature, especially in the departments of history and philosophy, during a period of more than forty years.

Mr. John Wade, £50, in consideration of his contributions to political literature, more especially during the time of the Reform bill of 1832.

SCIENCE.

Miss Elizabeth Baly and Miss Marie Josephine Fauvet (a joint pension), £100, in consideration of the late Dr. Baly's long career in the public service, and of the merit of the scientific medical works of which he was the author.

Mr. Richard Cort, £50 (in addition to his former pension of £50), on account of the great

value and utility of his father's discoveries in the working of iron, and of his failure to derive any pecuniary benefit therefrom.

Dr. John Hart, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, £75, in consideration of his contributions to the science of anatomy and physiology, and of his being afflicted with blindness and broken health.

Mr. George Rainey, £100, in consideration of his labors in the field of minute anatomy and physiology, and of the many works on the subject which he has given to the public in the Transactions of learned societies without receiving any pecuniary remuneration.

Mrs. Janet Wilson and Miss Jessie Wilson, £100 (a joint pension), in consideration of the eminent services of the late Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, as a public teacher and a scientific man.

ART.

Mrs. Mary Cross, £100, in consideration of her late husband's merits as a painter, and of her straitened circumstances.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

Mrs. Jane Fonblanque, £100, on account of her husband having been forty-four years in the Consular service, and of his death having been caused by an attack made upon him while at his post at Belgrade, by a Turkish soldier, when his family was left entirely unprovided for.

"THEY worshipped Devils, whose pictures remained in the days of Gildas, within and without the decayed walls of their cities, drawn with deformed faces (no doubt done to the life, according to their terrible apparitions), so that such ugly shapes did not woo, but fright people into adoration of them."—*Fuller's Church History*, b. 1, c. 1.

From The Spectator.

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.

WHAT are the effects of the intermarriage of blood-relations upon their offspring, and how those effects, if they exist, are produced, are questions which have often been debated by physicians and physiologists. They are, moreover, questions which have considerable general interest, in consequence of their direct bearing upon practical family life.

Many of our readers know that the opinion of most of those who have paid any attention to this subject has tended rather to confirm the popular belief that such marriages are injurious; but they are, perhaps, not equally well aware that these opinions have been founded for the most part upon isolated facts and observations, and that it is only within the last fifteen or twenty years that any serious attempts have been made to give them a more solid foundation upon a mass of classified instances. Dr. Devay, of Lyons, in his *Traité d'Hygiène des Familles*, and Dr. Bemiss, of Louisville, U. S., in a paper on the subject reprinted in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for April, 1857, have attempted to show by the method of statistics that such marriages lead to what the latter writer calls "degeneration of race," that is, that they are either unfruitful, or that their offspring are more than usually liable to diseases, amongst which idiocy and scrofula seem to be the most frequent. We intend in the present article to examine the conclusions arrived at by these authors by the help of the light thrown upon them by others. We shall probably show reason for doubting whether their conclusions are fairly borne out by the facts upon which they profess to be founded, and shall at the same time bring home to the minds of our readers the extreme difficulty which exists in deducing trustworthy conclusions from facts of so complicated a character; and the great caution required in applying the statistical method to physiological phenomena.

It is to be observed that the controversy, as it exists, is capable of being brought to a very narrow issue. No one denies or doubts that in many instances the marriages of cousins are followed by a variety of ill effects; the real point in dispute is whether their evils depend, as the authors we have mentioned maintain, upon an unknown law of nature which is broken by such marriages,

or whether they merely follow the ordinary laws of inheritance by which peculiarities and tendencies existing in the parent are transmitted, in a manner of which we are ignorant, to the child.

The distinction here drawn is by no means the trivial matter it may at first sight seem, inasmuch as it involves the question whether marriages between cousins are always, and of necessity, an evil, or whether they merely require the exercise of the same prudence which ought to be used in all other cases, if similar evils are to be avoided.

The former of these two views, then, is that held by the physicians to whom we have referred, and Dr. Devay expressly denounces the latter as altogether inadequate to account for the phenomena. Want of space prevents our entering upon an examination of these various statistics at length; but we will take three points—viz., the fertility of the marriages, the infant mortality, and the lesions of the intellect amongst the offspring,—and compare the results given by the two sets of thirty-four and seventeen marriages given by Dr. Bemiss, respectively on his own and Dr. Howe's authority, and the one hundred and thirty-four marriages, the particulars of which are related by Dr. Devay. We find, then, that of the thirty-four marriages, seven were sterile and twenty-seven fertile; i.e., about one in every five were unfruitful; and the total number of children was one hundred and ninety-five, of whom fifty-eight died in infancy or childhood and one hundred and thirty-four grew up. Amongst the latter, ten were either actually defective in intellect or likely to become so, there being four epileptic, two insane, and four idiotic; there were also two deaf and dumb. In the second case, that of the seventeen marriages, the number of sterile unions is not stated, but the total number of children was ninety-five, of whom forty-four were idiots and one was deaf. In the third case, that of the one hundred and thirty-four marriages, the total number of children is not stated, but twenty-two were sterile, or about one in every six, and amongst the offspring there appear one deaf and dumb child and not a single idiotic or insane individual. Now "similar causes," we have most of us learned, "produce similar effects," and the chief characteristic of these sets of statistics appears to be their extreme dissimilarity. In the matter of

fertility, the first two sets exceed the average very considerably, and of the last we know nothing, and in respect of intellectual lesions the first and third contrast very remarkably with the second; of the latter, indeed, we may remark that it obviously proves too much, for no one even gathering his experience from a few isolated cases will believe that almost one-half of the children of cousins are idiotic. In each set of statistics, moreover, it is to be noticed that some one form of degeneracy predominates, and in each case a different form. Thus, in forty-seven cases of disease in the first set twenty-three were scrofulous, in fifty-eight cases in the second set forty-four were idiotic, and in thirty cases of deformity or disease, in the third set, seventeen consisted in the development of supernumerary fingers.

It is difficult to believe that effects so very various are all the natural results of the same cause, and until we can obtain far more satisfactory evidence than is afforded by these statistics we shall be inclined to believe that very similar results might be shown to occur should any future physiologist choose to adopt marriages between persons with red hair or hooked noses, as his *bête noire*, instead of those between blood-relations. One writer, indeed, Mr. Anderson Smith, in a letter printed in the *Lancet*, for July 5th, has brought forward statistics of forty-one marriages between natives of different countries of Europe, with a view of showing that their effects, too, are of a most disastrous character. He finds that of their number ten were sterile; the whole only produced one hundred and six children, of whom fourteen were either idiotic, insane, or of weak intellect, and eighteen died in childhood—results on the whole worse than any of the others. Now we cannot say that we are prepared, upon the strength of Mr. Smith's statistics, to believe that any law of nature is broken by the marriage of a Frenchman or a German to an English wife, or *vice versa*; but the evidence for such a theory is, at least, as good as that upon which we are asked to believe that degeneracy of race, as it is called, is a natural consequence of the marriage of blood-relations. In practice, statistics such as these are liable to two special sources of error, one arising from the hereditary character of many diseases, which renders it necessary

to investigate the history of parents and grandparents before pronouncing upon the cause of a special disease appearing in the offspring of a particular family; the other from the closeness with which family secrets are kept, and the consequent difficulty or impossibility of pursuing such an investigation successfully. Only in one instance, as far as we know, has the number of cases made use of to support a conclusion similar to those which we have referred to been sufficient even in any degree to eliminate these sources of fallacy. It is stated that in France one-fourth of the inmates of the deaf and dumb asylums are the children or grandchildren of cousins; whereas, to correspond with the proportion of marriages between such relations there should be only one-twentieth.

The explanation of this fact probably is that we are totally ignorant of the antecedents in the parents, upon which mutism in the offspring depends; and hence, in each case, it comes upon us as a new phenomenon, which we had no reason to expect. It is at least probable that some day a connection may be found between mutism and some other totally dissimilar affection, such as is believed by many to exist between rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance. However this may be, it is certainly questionable logic to fix upon one amongst a complex mass of antecedents as the cause of a phenomenon which is itself absent in the majority of cases in which that phenomenon occurs.

There remains a class of facts which may be appealed to to correct the conflicting evidence on this subject thus obtained from observations upon man, that, namely, which is derived from the experience gained in the breeding of animals. Here, we think, it must be admitted that the whole weight of the evidence is against the popular view; for though it may be true that ill effects have been brought about by extremely close interbreeding continued through a series of several generations, yet the pages of the herd-book and the stud-book prove, beyond a doubt, that the very best of our thoroughbred horses and short-horned cattle come of races in which close breeding has been carried to an extent which, in the human race, it is impossible that it ever should be. Dr. Devay and other writers have tried to dis-

credit this evidence by the argument that the process which is most successful in rearing boneless animals, capable of carrying masses of flesh, does not necessarily develop the finest specimens of the race to which they belong. Such a misconception as this may be excused in a French writer, and is not wonderful in a cockney, whose idea of well-bred cattle and horses is derived from the over-fed bullocks at a Smithfield show, or the half-grown colts that appear at second-rate races; but we are confident that all who have seen both in perfection in the

studs and farms of our great breeders will agree that, as applied to such animals, the term "degenerate" is simply a misuse of language. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to believe that the physiology of reproduction in man proceeds upon laws different from those in force in the rest of the animal kingdom, we cannot admit that any case has yet been made out in favor of the popular opinion that the marriages of blood-relations have in themselves any tendency to produce degeneracy in the offspring.

DR. ALTHAUS has published a very carefully executed and exhaustive treatise on the *Spas of Europe*.* He takes up the subject from the very commencement, beginning with an investigation into the origin of springs in general, thence proceeding to inquire into the causes of the peculiarities of mineral springs in particular, and so leading up to an examination of their physical properties, their chemical constitution, and their physiological and therapeutical effects. Dr. Althaus has studied his subject thoroughly, and is evidently familiar with it to no common degree. His treatise is, however, of a scientific rather than of a popular nature, and appears to be designed for the use of medical men rather than of their patients. Regarded from this point of view, it is certainly the best work on mineral waters that we have hitherto met with.—*Spectator*.

THE measures of our Druidical temples are observed to fall easily and naturally into the scale of the ancient Phœnician or Hebrew cubit. But they will not admit of the standard measure of Greece, Rome, or any western nation, without being divided and broken into infinite and trifling fractions.—*Enquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Rel. by William Cook, Rector of Oldbury and Dedmorton. M. Review, August, 1754, vol. 11, p. 86.*

"IN the first form of consecrating churches in England which we meet with, at a synod held at Celchyth, under Wulfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, 816, it is ordained that when a church is built it shall be consecrated by the proper diocesan, who shall take care that the Saint to whom it is dedicated, be pictured on the wall, or on a tablet, or on the altar."—*Kennett's Par. Antig., vol. 2, p. 300.*

* *The Spas of Europe.* By Julius Althaus, M.D., etc., Author of "A Treatise on Medical Electricity," etc. Trubner and Co.

THAT the Romance was almost universally understood in this kingdom under Edward the Confessor, it being not only used at court, but frequently at the bar, and even sometimes in the pulpit, is a fact too well known and attested (says Planta) to need my authenticating it with superfluous arguments and testimonials.—*Account of the Romanish Language.*

He quotes *Ingulphus passim*, and accounts for the fact by the constant intercourse between Britain and Gaul.—*Southey*.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECOLLECTION OF A BATTLE-FIELD.

"Our virgins,
Leaving the natural tremblings that attend
On timorous maids struck pale at sight of blood,
Shalt take delight to tell what wounds you gave,
Making the horror sweet to hear them sing it.

—And while
The spring contributes to their art, make in
Each garden a remonstrance of this battle,
Where flowers shall seem to fight, and every
plant

Cut into forms of green artillery
And instruments of war, shall keep alive
The memory of this day and your great victory."

—SHIRLEY. *The Imposture.*

BRITISH BASKETS.

BARBARA de pictis veni bascanda Britannis,
Sed me jam mavult decere Roma suam.

—*Martial*, l. 14, ep. 97.

FOR Rome he tells us in right pompous tone,
From barbarous British baskets formed her own.
—*Bishop's Poems*, vol. 1, p. 276.

From The Saturday Review.
COUSINS.

THERE is a school of domestic fanatics resembling that school of theologians which exacts from its professors a blind unreasoning assent to the dogmas of religion. Like the papist who considers the exercise of private judgment on a doctrinal point an impiety, there are household bigots who seek to withdraw the relations of consanguinity from the domain of scrutiny, and claim a passive obedience to the divine right of kin. Certain young ladies and gentlemen, they say, are your cousins by divine appointment. It is your duty, therefore, to think them charming, and to enjoy their company more than that of any other young man or woman with whom you may be thrown. You must not allow yourself to ask whether their tastes accord with yours. The eldest may be a perfect Nimrod, while the bent of your own genius leads you to pore over manuscripts in the British Museum. Another is the best waltzer of his day, while a ball is, in your eyes, the greatest of social evils. A third is a fast young lady, full of chaff, while you are decidedly sentimental. All this matters nothing. You are privileged to have access to those three young persons. You should be duly sensible of these among your other blessings. Blood overrides all incompatibilities of taste or disposition. Reflect that in those two fine young men you see your father's sister's sons.

Half England, and all Scotland, groans under bondage to these ideas. Not to love your cousins is to be devoid of natural affection—to show a cold, callous, and bad heart. This is really a piece of cant against which we protest. Upon what is the supposed duty founded? There is nothing about it in the Bible, or the Ten Commandments. It would be very difficult to prove from either of these sources any special obligation to love your brother by blood, much more your cousin. Of course, under the comprehensive head of your duty to your neighbor, both have claims on your regard. You are bound to do to your cousin as you would he should do to you; and if, therefore, as is possible, you feel bored by his company, you are bound, by the Catechism, to rid him of yours. Practically, we display in this, as in other social questions, the curious inconsistency of the Anglo-Saxon race. Our practice does

not accord with our theory. We put a song in praise of the family tree in the mouth of our maiden aunts. We retain the decorous fiction of the claims of blood, but we act as emancipated men. It is one of those fictions which we live down, as we do the bugbears of childhood. There are few, probably, who cannot recall a time when they firmly believed the descriptions given by their nurse of inanimate nature, as one universal "lay-hold to catch meddlers." The march of mind dissipated this childish superstition. It gradually dawned upon the infant intelligence that no table or chair could inflict a slap on the face, or a pinch in some tender part of the body. By degrees one lost all fear of those instruments of torture which were supposed to lurk in nurse's work-basket; and the first use one made of this discovery was to blunt her scissors on the neck of Shem, or some other equally unoffending occupant of Noah's Ark. So is it with illusions of another kind, and with that respectable one, in particular, which invests a cousin with an almost sacrosanct character. It collapses at a comparatively early period of life. It rarely survives the crucial experience of a contemporaneous career at public school. At Eton you sit side by side in the Upper Remove with the aforesaid cousin. Supposing your tastes to suit, you become fast friends. But if not, what a thorn in the flesh does your relative prove, by reason of his dominating the whole of your private and præ-scholastic existence! If he means mischief, he can raise the curtain which shrouds your home from vulgar gaze. He can enlighten your common associates on the names of your sisters, and the terms of endearment by which you are yourself known in the bosom of your family. He is aware that at the early age of seven you made an animated appeal on behalf of the Missions to the Fiji Islands from the table of the Evangelical Lyceum, and that a little later you apostrophized a defunct tom-cat in a few fugitive lines. Horrid secrets, that you had fondly imagined buried forever in oblivion, turn up to poison your happiness. A rumor spreads that you have but lately escaped from the thralldom of a maid who enjoyed the prescriptive right of scrubbing your person with soap and water every alternate Saturday evening. The tears you shed on returning to school, the touching farewell it is your habit to take of the pony

Grizzell and the dog Ponto, the rowing you got from "the Governor" for obtaining on something like false pretences three hats in one Half, the bilious attack you brought on by eating fifty walnuts in one afternoon, your discreet behavior and exact disposition of the bed-clothes on the memorable night when the Manor House was supposed to be attacked by burglars—all these and a thousand other racy items of "domestic intelligence" you have to thank your cousin for remorselessly parading before your jeering schoolmates. The result is, that you learn early in life to associate the name of cousin with a power to wound you in your tenderest part, and to hold up to ridicule all that is in your boyish eyes most sacred.

Cousins, however, are far from being, as a general rule, natural enemies. We are only pointing out that this relationship is compatible with a thoroughly genuine mutual dislike, springing either from acts of unkindness or oppression, or, in default of these, a total lack of sympathy. But though the consciousness of a common stock cannot of itself generate affection, as some fondly assert that it necessarily must, cousins are a useful and beneficial institution which it would be absurd to disparage. The Briton, least of all mankind, could afford to dispense with cousins. (He rarely suffers from that affection known on the other side of the Channel as *épanchement de cœur*.) His instinct is to be isolated, morose, exclusive—to adopt an attitude of armed neutrality to the rest of the human race—to reverse the old dictum and think everything human alien to himself—in the language of the servants' hall, "to keep himself to himself." A thing he never does is to open his heart, as our lively neighbors will, to a stranger. He cannot deliver himself of the most trifling confidences to any but a friend of seven years' standing. The monotony of this self-imposed isolation is pleasantly broken by cousins. They serve the double purpose of giving him a point of contact with the world outside his own family circle, and of gratifying the mania he has to know all about any one with whom he is intimate. He may safely unbend to his cousins, for they cannot possibly have any design upon his purse. Though their conversation is not particularly brilliant, and their company is even dull, he is at ease with them, and in a mild

way likes being with them, because he knows their pedigree. Here he has, if nothing more, at all events two persons whose parentage he knows to be respectable, and whom he has no reason to suspect of a design of imposing on him or turning him into ridicule. Being satisfied on those two points, he gives himself up to a modified enjoyment of their society. There is, then, in England what we may call a national necessity for cousins. The national temperament requires a vent for its pent-up feelings, and upon cousins they naturally expend themselves. We are so much addicted to secreting the real kindness of our nature, that consanguinity would seem to be a merciful provision to draw us out of ourselves, and prevent our wasting all our sweetness on the desert air. Many a man, who would never otherwise make a friend, makes a friend of a cousin. He is too shy or too proud or too reserved to go through the processes by which a friendship is gradually cemented with a stranger, and eagerly catches at a cousin as a make-shift for a friend, if not exactly a friend ready-made. There are other advantages in the possession of cousins which, in a worldly point of view, are not to be despised. They may have houses for you to stay at, lands for you to shoot over, wine for you to sip. You visit them in the autumn, when London is empty, your heart brimming over with the purest cousinly affection. About the 12th of August, the voice of nature reminds you of the cousin who owns a pretty moor in the Highlands. In September, the current of your being sets towards your Norfolk relatives. In November, your heart yearns towards your cousin at Melton. In May, you are inwardly drawn towards your fashionable cousin in London with a fervor which that fashionable cousin does not at all reciprocate. This is all as it should be. Give full play to these fine and generous impulses; the more you utilize your cousins, the more you enable them to fulfil the purpose for which they are your cousins. They must not be allowed to take into their heads the mischievous notion that they have been dotted round your path to be merely so many dummies or men of straw. Upon the whole, the way in which they accept the responsibilities of collateral ties is very creditable to Englishmen. Unprompted by any mutual affection, one man will solicit a favor for an-

other simply out of regard for a common ancestor. The fact is, that it is his own interest to give a cousin a lift. Hence another cousinly function—to use influence for the advancement of the family fortunes. Your chances of promotion bear a direct ratio to the number of your cousins. Each is a possible advocate of your interests, a possible petitioner on your behalf. A cousin at the Admiralty means a ship for you in the Mediterranean; a cousin in Parliament means access for you to the minister; a cousin in the city means a good investment for your capital; a cousin in a Cathedral Chapter means your presentation to the next vacant stall. But to secure these, or any part of these results, you must be keenly alive to the advantages of your position—you must study the family tree in all its ramifications, and leave no runlet of collateral blood untapped.

These are some of the advantages of having had a prolific grandmother. But there are also concomitant disadvantages. The man with many cousins, like the man with wife and children, "gives hostages to fortune;" for he may find them so many dead weights round his neck. There are few persons who have not cousins of whom they are ashamed. There is the sporting youth whom nature intended for a groom, but dubbed, by a horrid after-thought, your cousin. There is the cousin who *will* patronize the village tailor, and who slaps you on the back just as you dangle your cane over the rails in Rotten Row, when the season is at its height. There is the cousin in the Queen's Bench Prison, whom you supply, much to your credit, with his Sunday dinner. There is your cousin who hides in Spain, your notorious cousin at the diggings, your cousin the governess, and your cousin the idiot. All these are, undoubtedly, social drawbacks. No one will be the more keen to marry you on account of a gibbering collateral. As the asylum of your hunted relative, *you* may look on the Peninsular with peculiar interest; but the circumstance will not predispose others to make your acquaintance. Fastidious natures will never do justice to the goodness of your cousin's heart while it throbs beneath that flagrantly bucolic garb. But, apart from these serious inconveniences which sometimes attend kinship, there is another, much more generally experienced—cousins

are personally dull or disagreeable. The position you occupy towards such persons is essentially false. You are, as it were, pitchforked into a distasteful intimacy. You are supposed by a fiction to feel affection, when in your heart you feel ineffably bored. You call each other by your Christian name—and have nothing more to say. In vain you ransack your brains for a common topic or a common interest. None come for the plain reason that there is none to come. A *tête-à-tête* with an uncongenial companion is always an infliction; but the awkwardness of the situation is immensely increased by a dim notion that you ought all the time to be enjoying it.

This brings us back to the point at which we started, namely, the folly of parents and maiden aunts in trying to erect the love of cousins into an important article of a child's creed. It is just this pious attempt to force the inclinations which so often makes the future relations between cousins uneasy and uncomfortable. Children should be left alone to judge of the virtues or demerits of their cousins, and to bestow or withhold their affection accordingly with perfect freedom. If this wise policy of nonintervention be observed towards them, they will probably find within the pale of kin those whom they can love and esteem, and those with whom they remain on a footing of healthy indifference. Let believers in blood say what they will, this is the nearest approach to an Agapemone of which the average English family is capable. But though the duty of loving the whole collateral tribe is a mere sham, and no duty at all, there is much to urge, and not from a sordid point of view only, in favor of cousinly affection. Of all the friendships, in the common sense of the word, the most enviable is the friendship of a cousin. More than any other it possesses the seeds of durability. It dates back from the days of happy childhood. It is consecrated by the memories of common raids upon the apple-trees, common peg-tops, common taws. It suffers much less from the separations which kill so many early friendships. If Pylades goes to Cambridge and Orestes to Oxford, the tie between them is, in ordinary cases, broken. But not so, if they meet in the vacation, if they spend their Christmas together—if they continue to hear about each other—in a word, if their sisters correspond. To middle age it is a support and a source of the purest rational enjoyment; while to old age, which loves to travel back into the past, and prose over the family fortunes, it is almost a necessity.

From The London Review.
YACHTING.

THERE are few finer sights in the world to an Englishman's eye, and few more surprising to a foreigner than Cowes Roads during the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta week. Certainly the Derby is a magnificent national celebration, and one of which the stranger in this old land, "delighting in horses, illustrious at sea," will never see the like on any other plains. Races in France are as the *comédie de société* to the theatre, compared with the performances of Newmarket or Epsom. The meeting at Chantilly is a cabinet picture, a reduced copy of Goodwood, and as much like the original as the peasants in "La Somnambula" are like the work-a-day peasants of actual life in Italy or anywhere else. A coterie of dandy "sportmen," who dress like stud-grooms and flavor their talk with English slang, no more make a "Turf" than a solitary swallow makes the spring. There is no racing public over the water; and even the Emperor, who knows the national importance of the thing, cannot make one. You may count on your fingers the owners of French race-horses; and the only stable which has won a reputation on this side of the water is the "Confederate," as the imperial establishment is sometimes described.

A day with "the Duke" or the Quorn is another of our "solemnities," without a parallel among our gallant neighbors. There is no such thing as riding to hounds in France; cantering round a tree all day in a fancy dress, and winding a horn when the object of the chase comes in view, is picturesque, no doubt, and exciting, and the *curée* in the courtyard at night is mediæval and dramatic; but this is not what Englishmen mean by a run of five-and-forty minutes without a check; though, on the other hand, a greyhound fox has none of the fighting qualities of the German boar or the Gallic wolf to justify even a foreign friend in carrying a knife of exquisite design at his waist. What the British Reynard can do is *pace*; and any lively Gaul who follows him must know, at least, how to sit well home in the saddle, and not to make too much play with his calves.

Racing and hunting, however, are not, in an absolute sense, national sports. In some form or other they may be said to be com-

mon to the whole human race: to the Englishman and the Frenchman, to the creature of civilization and the noble savage, each after his kind. But what shall we say of Yachting? We know what the poet has said of the courage of the man who first committed his life to a frail skiff. Horace thought that first boatman as brave in soul as the adventurous epicure who swallowed the first oyster. Yet we are not at all persuaded that many an honest German and many a gallant Frenchman would not give the palm of folly to the man who goes down to the sea in a private ship for the fun of the thing:—

"Oh! who can tell? Not thou, luxurious
slave,
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving
wave."

Assuredly our friend Monsieur Chose cannot tell the pleasure of going to sea, for his soul sickens at the prospect of the heaving wave beyond Calais Pier; and in the ninety minutes of that middle passage your *lion* of the Boulevards is awfully limp and crestfallen. Yachting is a sport of native growth in these British isles, peopled by the sons of the Vikings, and to whom the sea is a native element. An English child, born and bred far inland, takes to the river or the lake like a duckling, and conceives a passion for the sea before he has set his eyes upon it. Among our Scandinavian cousins there may be something of the same inborn restless yearning to roam on that silent highway. The Dutch—sturdy old sea-dogs—have the credit of inventing the name of yachting, and the sport of yachting is said to have come from Venice. However this may be, it evidently requires a combination of those attributes which distinguish the modern Briton to make a great racing-man or a genuine yachtsman. The members of the yacht clubs on the other side of the ocean are only Englishmen once removed. Yachting demands not only money, leisure, and a taste for wholesome and rational vagabondage; it demands, above and before all, a *stomach* of peculiar quality and conformation. This indispensable qualification makes the active yachting world a limited one, and keeps it select. We speak, of course, of the sea-going yachtsman; for the yachting world is very variously composed, and includes a

large majority of most unmitigated landmen.

A man may acquire a taste for hunting or shooting, or the turf; he may become a tolerable rider, or a decent shot; but if he takes to yachting, the heart and the stomach for the sport must be born with him. A yacht is either, like any other vessel, a prison with the chance of being drowned, or it is the palace of a poet. You must have a horror of a yacht (as most wives have, by the by), or you must love her "like a woman." Go down to Cowes or Ryde the first week in August, and you will find the gentlemen who live afloat at ease, a capital representative body of the British and, we may add, of the Irish race. There is the duke of half a dozen counties, the tired statesman, the great city merchant or banker, the successful tradesman, the engineer, the country squire, the clergyman, the lawyer, the soldier, and the naval man, who, like the actor who always goes to the play when he is not acting himself, goes a-yachting while he is waiting for a ship. In that little Thames cutter there is a theatrical manager who spends his leisure moments on board in making up his play-bills for a huge public. Each transpontine club has its own rendezvous; but all these yachtsmen belong to a national volunteer service, and in that pleasure navy there is a real *esprit de corps*. No class or order of men contains a larger number of "eccentricities," and nowhere is a fairer field for eccentricity to be found. This characteristic of yachting breaks out in all manner of shapes and forms: sometimes in the costume, half naval, half piratical, of the owner and his crew; sometimes in the discipline and trim of the craft. The ladies, who constitute an important and delightful section of the yachting world, enter eagerly into the spirit of these eccentricities, and adopt the fashion of the craft to which they are attached with enthusiasm. Indeed, on these pleasant shores of the gentle Solent all the conventionalities of dress and demeanor are willingly, and as if by common consent, thrown aside for a season by "all hands," and the result is wonderfully picturesque and refreshing after the faded and factitious society of the London season.

As we write a past generation of yachtsmen and women comes sailing up the silent sea of memory!

It is Sunday morning, and our little schooner is one of a fleet of eighty sail in Cowes Roads, with the broad pendant of that gallant old Commodore and prince of yachtsmen, Lord Yarborough, in the midst. There, too, is the Commodore of the "Thames," in his trim little twenty-five ton cutter ready to blow you out of the water with a salute from his plucky two-pounders. What a spectacle for a foreigner who is studying the secret of "naval supremacy!" Here are the finest craft in the world, manned by something like a thousand picked seamen. The Commodore's flag-ship, the *Kestrel*, is a private man-of-war, as trim, as smart, as clean as a frigate. The old lord who attended the battle of Navarino in his own ship, the *Falcon*, surveys his squadron with honest pride. The boatswain's pipe is busy in the *Kestrel*, and the signal midshipman has no sinecure. The Commodore "makes" eight o'clock, and up go all the ensigns and burgees; at church time up goes the church pendant to the peak; twelve o'clock is "made," and so is sunset. How splendidly those gigs' crews "give way" to the Club-house steps! There the talk is all of next week's matches, and of the squadron which is to go down Channel on the day after the squadron ball, under the Commodore's orders. Ah! the blue and breezy sky, and the fresh sunshine! Twenty-two yachts were we, as we took station according to tonnage and tacked in succession before the Commodore. Just as we clear the roads, fourteen sail of the "Thames" miniature squadron appear in line and exchange salutes. And now we are away through the Needles passage. Presently the Commodore signals us to "make all sail without regard to stations," and the longest legs make the shortest miles of it. Before sunset we are all becalmed, but before we come on deck from dinner we are rushing through the water with a spanking breeze on our quarter. Night brings thunder and lightning and a gale, and when the morning breaks we are beating into Weymouth with two reefs down. What a merry reckless company we are on board, giving to storm and calm alike "a frolic welcome," and resolved to be jolly under all changes of wind and weather! It is a lovely dawn when we come to an anchor in Torbay with all our consorts once more in company. That was the last squadron the

good Lord Yarborough was destined to command. Before another summer came round, our much-loved Commodore had gone aloft!

Of course, we cannot admit that there are such yachts or yachting-men in these degenerate times. The best "eleven" and the best "eight" are always the "eleven" and the "eight" of our own Eton days. Certainly in the far time we are recalling, not without a pang, yachting was in all its glory. Only remember that match round the island in which two schooners were dismasted! And the match between the *Corsair* and another cutter (whose name we have forgotten) round the Eddystone in half a gale of wind! When those two cutters returned through the Needles, they were so close together that the *Corsair* won by four minutes and a half. And what "characters" we had among us in those days! There was a famous cutter whose owner "and commander," as he insisted on being called, was a perfect martyr to man-of-war principles. He carried a brass band which was the terror of the Channel, and his boatswain piped like an omnibus conductor. One day he invited a party to divine service on board, which he read himself with one eye fixed on the church flag at the peak. To set this flag, the mainsail had been expressly hoisted—in harbor—and while we were all praying, a sudden squall sent down the mainsail by the run, and we are sorry to say that those who came to pray remained to scream with laughter, and morning service ended abruptly with some very strong language from the officiating minister. Are there any such "characters" now?

Yachts and yachting, like the navy, have undergone a revolution since those days. The *America* taught a trick or two to builders, and since her victories schooners have almost superseded cutters, and the long

wave-line of bow has taught us how a vessel may be fast and dry, neither sacrificing speed to comfort, nor comfort to speed. Another change for the better is in the trim of racing yachts. Some years ago, the yachts that won the prizes were good for nothing else; now the racing craft are often admirable sea-boats. Now-a-days, too, the silly practice of "carrying on" is given up, and the advantage of sailing as much as possible on an even keel is better understood. The nice question of measurement, if not quite equitably solved, is not so prone to abuse as it was formerly. Throughout all these changes it is curious and interesting to find that the old *Arrow* and the old *Alarm* (transformed into a schooner) have scarcely yet found their equals in a long day's contest. The introduction of steam-yachts is, we humbly confess, a novelty we cannot find it in our hearts to approve. Screw engines cost too much, and take up too much space, to be compatible with any but the largest yachts and the richest owners; and steam appears to us essentially repugnant to the genius of yachting—to the noble independence of all restraints of time which becomes a yachtsman. Before many years have come and gone, it may be that the British navy will consist of enormous iron barges, studded with cupola towers, and of Noah's arks with steel fixings. Only at the yachting stations will the tapering spars and the snowy wings of the skimmers of the seas be found. We devoutly hope that it may be reserved for our posterity to witness this hideous conversion of the British navy into iron-clasped safes and batteries. Let our yachtsmen, at all events, be content with spars and sails, remembering that even men-of-war are forbidden to "down screw" as long as they can "up stick."

TURNER says (vol. 1, p. 311), "there can be no doubt that the majority of the British population was preserved to be useful to their conquerors." I think the total change of language disproves this; and that the nature and length of the contest also show that the separation was almost complete. No doubt they preserved the slaves, who would mostly be of their own stock. —*Southey*.

A CLEAR inference drawn from Cæsar, that the Britons knew the use of letters,—else why should the Druids have forbidden their doctrines to be written,—but because they were like their worthy successors, the Romish priests, desirous of concealing the records which might be examined to their prejudice.—*Script. Rev. Hibern.* p. 1, *Proleg.* xxx.

From The Spectator.

BODLEY'S LIBRARY AND ITS TREASURES.*

THE Reading-room of the British Museum, with its magnificent dome, its blue and gilt spandrils, its books in the newest of bindings, its easy lounges and capacious desks, is a sight worthy of the metropolis. Ladies in crinoline and fashionable bonnets, gentlemen in wide-awakes, pork-pies, and unimpeachable tweeds, sit down to the literary fare, provided for them by the munificence of the trustees, with as much ease and comfort as in their clubs or their drawing-rooms. Learning is stripped of its rust and repulsiveness. It has put on the gayest of garbs. It needs no apologist for its want of politeness. And if Plato could come upon earth again, he would no longer have to apologize for the manners of the learned—so far, at least, as the Reading-room of the British Museum may be considered as the type of modern scholarship—by saying that scholars were like “the gallypots of apothecaries, which, on the outside had apes and owls and antiques, but contained within sovereign and precious liquors and confections.” It is a sign of the times when it is no longer necessary for the votary of science to bid farewell to the world and shut himself up in seclusion, when a life of activity is not incompatible with learning, and Mr. Monckton Milnes is in no fear, like his predecessor Gascoigne, of having his return petitioned against in the House of Commons, on the bare fact of his being a poet. All this is very well. Let the applause of Mr. Panizzi, the trustees, and their Reading-room reach to the highest honors this generation can bestow; let it ring from spotless lemon kidgloves, perfumed with the choicest of Rimmel's toilet vinegar.

But old and mighty Bodley is old and mighty still: unchanged and unchangeable; and long may it continue so! Murky in its antiquity, redolent of old bindings, “fragrant with moth-scented coverings!” No morocco, red, citron, or green, later than the days of the historian De Thou, profanes with flaunting colors the sober calf-skins which, more venerable than Nestor, have reigned supreme over three centuries of learning, and look down with dignified contempt upon

degenerate men who have gradually declined from lofty folios to tiny duodecimos; from Ockham and Thomas Aquinas to the last shilling volume of the Parlor Library. Here may the reader bury himself for hours with no visions of petticoats; no vanities of this day, not even of “Vanity Fair.” He may dine with Duke Humphrey; he may realize to himself an age when learning condescended to nothing short of a folio; when stout hearts beat high beneath black gowns; when trencher-caps shook with agitation at the serried logic of rival Nominalists and Realists, and the glory of a University was imperilled in a Syllogism. Or, to descend still lower, here, without effort, may he transfer himself to the times when the latest new sensation book upon Philosophy was the Novum Organon of Bacon, and doctors turned pale over the heretical audacity of a Lord Chancellor, who had taken Plato and Aristotle to task, and stigmatized the wise dictators of antiquity as rickety children, competent to nothing else than blare and babble. What feet have ever trodden the Reading-room of the British Museum except penny-a-liners, foreign correspondents of the daily press, or young gentlemen intent on cribs? Even Lord Macaulay died some years too soon for his own reputation and Mr. Panizzi's masterpiece. No Seldon, no Laud, no Milton, no Cromwell, Owen, Clarendon, Dryden, Pope, Bolingbroke or burly Johnson, or quaint Charles Lamb, to say nothing of earlier worthies,—Hooker, or Ben Jonson, or Burton, have cast their shadows over the spick and span new paint and gilding of the Metropolitan Reading-room. By no effort of imagination can its visitors repeople the Reading-room of the British Museum, as we can hardly avoid doing Bodley, with the glories of the past. Its brilliancy, whatever it may be, is of the future exclusively. It belongs to the generation of railways and locomotives, of competitive examinations, and fast trains. Not so Bodley and its treasures. Once a year the delegates of the library march round in solemn train, as they have done since the days of the first Stuarts, with vice chancellor, beadles, and silver maces, to survey the shelves and their sacred treasures. No profane bookbinder violates the sanctity of that repose, Heaven be praised, or intrudes his gilt gingerbread and modern frivolities on

* Hackman's Catalogue of the Jenner MSS. in the Bodleian. Clarendon Press.

the sober decorum of Bodley. Only within comparatively recent period have the chains been removed which locked its books together in the close and loving embrace of a Macedonian phalanx, and nearly proved fatal to an ambitious author who, Icarus-like, soared too high, and hung himself in their iron tendrils. Still more recently has hot air been introduced into one division of the library for the benefit of luxurious masters of arts, who could not keep themselves warm over Duns Scotus or Athanasius, but, in the pride of their hearts, descended to the external world, and took to polished leather boots and thin potations. With these exceptions, Bodley was and is what it was in the days of its founder—goodly to look upon as he; that “full solempne man,” who thought, if we should “cancel all our theories, axioms, rules, and tenents,” as Bacon advised, “it would instantly bring us to barbarism, and, after many thousand years, leave us more unprovided of theoretical furniture than we are at the present.” Save also, and excepting that ruthless necessity, in the shape of those same masters of arts, has marred the quaint device of Sir Thomas (who wished to preserve the remembrance of his Christian name T. in the shape of his library), and, by developing one end of it, have metamorphosed it into an H. But for this, the mullioned windows, the fragrant air from the College gardens, the solemn pealing of bells—they have rung out generations of students yet to come—repeat from hour to hour, and year to year, the pious deeds of our English forefathers, and the dim traditions of the past. “Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou, that, being nothing, art everything? What mystery lurks in this retroversion? Or what half Januses are we that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we forever revert? The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! The past is everything, being nothing!”

In these respects the Bodleian Library is unique, not only in England, but in Europe. No library of similar extent possesses the same conventual character. Paris, Brussels, Frankfort, Augsburg, Munich, Valladolid, and Madrid have nothing like it. Associated with all the great traditions of England, from the age of Duke Humphrey,

its founder, to the present century, from the days when Queen Elizabeth, in ruff and farthingale, with Burghley and Walsingham at her side, harangued the doctors and Heads of Houses in well-poised Latin, to the time when the Allied Sovereigns celebrated the advent of peace within its walls, or Queen Victoria inscribed her name among its manuscripts! And no wonder that its treasures of books, manuscripts, and rarities should partake of the character of the place and have a sort of uniqueness and quaint antiquity about them not found elsewhere. For here, in undisturbed repose, and still better, fresh and unchanged, as in their primitive state, are the collections of Dr. Dee, the earliest of spirit-rappers, “who did observe and write down what was said by the spirits, Kelley (his assistant magician), seeing and interpreting.” Here, too, is garnered up all the correspondence of Hyde, Lord Clarendon, and the little notes that passed between him and Charles I. in the lobby of the House of Commons during those debates which cost the king his crown. Here, too, in its bands of red silk, is the correspondence of the same monarch with his children, when they had taken refuge in France; and here, in sombre winding-sheets of black silk, and seals to match, are the letters that passed after Charles’ execution. Here are the correspondence of the parliamentary generals, the papers of the unhappy non-jurors; of Archbishop Sancroft, and of Bishop Ken, whose name lives forever in the Morning and Evening Hymn. And here are the details of the Pretender’s doings, and his secret friends in England, in the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II. And what else there may be of curious lore and unrevealed mysteries in that capacious and undisturbed receptacle of “Mighty Bodley,” who shall tell us?

Of late some attempt has been made by the authorities of Oxford to sort and tabulate their treasures; and Mr. Hackman’s catalogue, which we have until this late period in our article unconsciously omitted to notice—rapt in reminiscences of Bodley—is partly the result of these new efforts. We wish to deal gently with Mr. Hackman’s labors. His errors of omission and commission in the execution of his task we will not censure heavily; for who that has had dealings with manuscripts does not know how

inevitably, spite of all vigilance and precautions, all sorts of errors will creep in? But Mr. Hackman's notions of a catalogue, and of the requirements of those who are likely to consult one, seem to us more strange, uncouth, and antiquated than Dr. Dee's spirit-rapping, or a non-juror's advocacy of the claims of the Pretender. If Mr. Hackman had spent his academical life in trying to produce a catalogue as unlike in its plan to any now in existence, and as repulsive and inconvenient in the using as possible, he could not have succeeded better. The index to his book is considerably larger than the book itself; and to use it, the student must take learning by the tail, and proceed rearwards like an irritated crab. Mr. Hackman (ominous name!) separates the addresses from the substance of the let-

ters, printing the former in the body of the work, and the latter in the index. So for every entry the reader has to turn backwards and forwards, and incur at each step, as Mr. Hackman himself must have done, a needless amount of double labor. When Mr. Hackman goes home, we suppose that he despises the door of his chambers in Christ Church, and gets in at the windows. We look for better things under the librarianship of Mr. Cox, for we shall expect a more complete analysis of papers to be catalogued, a more intelligible order, a more thorough knowledge of the wants of modern students; in short, catalogues as unlike Mr. Hackman's, in all these respects, as Mr. Hackman's labors are unlike the labors of his predecessors and contemporaries.

THE LAST OF THE BYRONS.—The dulness of London at this season of the year has been relieved for the day by a strange glimpse into the romance of the peerage. Last week there died at Brighton, at the early age of twenty-seven, Byron Noel, Baron of Ockham and Wentworth. The heir of a large fortune, the grandson and last direct representative of the greatest of English poets, the young peer had—so the world might have judged—a brilliant career before him. He was the son of Ada Byron, the poet's only daughter, and this is almost all that is known of him positively. For some cause unknown, and only faintly surmised, the young baron never assumed his rank, never took his seat in the House of Lords, never even made his appearance in the fashionable world. Very early in life he broke off his connection with his family, willingly or not, served on board ship as a common sailor, then supported himself as a hired laborer in a Thames dock-yard, and became engaged (if he was not actually married) to a barnmaid in a sailor's public house in Wapping. Then, in the first bloom of his young life, he dies suddenly by hemorrhage of the lungs, and the court papers mention his existence after years of silence. The last of the Byrons is dead; and the story of the latest descendant of that strange race is buried in the grave with him.—*London letter.*

First Nunnery founded in the seventh century by Saint Erkonwald, Bishop of London, a descendant of Offa, at Berking, for his sister Saint Ethelberga.

THERE were some Nunneries founded by some of our forefathers, wherein it was appointed that some should be taught the knowledge of the Saxon tongue, on purpose to preserve it, and transmit it to posterity by communicating it down from one to another. Such was the Nunnery at Tavistock and many others which he (Archbishop Parker) could have named.—*Strype's Parker*, p. 536.

These foundations must have been made by Saxons under the Norman kings.—*Southey.*

WILLIAM sent Harold's standard to the Pope: "it was sumptuously embroidered with gold and precious stones, in the form of a man fighting."

IN THE WOODS.

AND so she learned to wander in the woods,
As if in search, not knowing where she went,
And she put on a statelier beauty, grew
More beautiful through sadness, while the years
Led her to womanhood with persuasive hands.
Not Aphrodite coming in her shell,
When those four seasons met her on the shore,
Was lovelier; being in beauty more divine,
But missing her sweet grace of humanness.
And she grew up a perfect woman pure,
With passion in her, well subdued to truth;
Saddened at most things as she went by them:
And made the Dryads weep at her sad looks.
And all her heart and being yearned for love.
She peeped into the leafy nests of birds,
And wondered what could make them twit and
sing.
—*Thomas Ashe.*

From The Economist.

The Republic of Liberia, its Products and Resources. By Gerald Ralston, Consul-General for Liberia. A Paper read before the Society of Arts, and reprinted from the "Journal of the Society of Arts," for May 23, 1862.

THE little state of Liberia owes its foundation to that very questionable and half-hearted association of slaveholders known as the American Colonization Society. But, painful as is the episode which the history of that Society forms in the annals of the "Slave Power" in America, its one good deed beyond the sea promises to survive and flourish. The settlement of Liberia, founded in 1822, was, on the 24th of August, 1847, proclaimed a free and independant state, and regularly installed as the Republic of Liberia. Acknowledged speedily by England, and afterwards by France, Belgium, Prussia, Brazil, Denmark, and Portugal, it has now, in its fortieth year, been at last recognized by the United States. The paper before us is a brief sketch of its past history and present condition by its Consul-General, Mr. Ralston, which was read before the Society of Arts last May, and was followed by an interesting discussion in which several colored gentlemen from Liberia took part. On the whole, the impression we gain of this little state is favorable and promising. In material and commercial development it is far inferior to Hayti, but it is, perhaps, capable of a higher ultimate development. Its Protestantism will render it more acceptable to Anglicized negroes than the French-Catholic republic of the West Indies; while its position as an outpost of civilization on the African continent is very important as an influence for good upon the tribes of the interior, which it endeavors to draw to itself by honest and conciliatory measures. Mr. Ralston tells us that "it has about six hundred miles of coast line, and extends back about one hundred miles on an average, but with the facility of almost indefinite extension into the interior, the natives everywhere manifesting the greatest desire that treaties should be formed with them, so that the limits of the republic may be extended over all the neighboring districts. The Liberian territory has been purchased by more than twenty treaties, and in all cases the natives have freely parted with their titles for a sat-

isfactory price. The chief solicitude has been to purchase the line of sea-coast, so as to connect the different settlements under one government, and to exclude the slave trade, which formerly was most extensively carried on at Cape Mesurado, Tradetown, Little Bassa, Digby, New Sesters, Gallinas, and other places at present within the Republic, but now happily excluded—except in a recent instance at Gallinas, under peculiar circumstances." (We wish Mr. Ralston had explained this allusion, especially as we heard, some months ago, similar rumors of a painful nature, of which we would gladly hear the correct version.)

The population at present numbers 500,000, of which 16,000 are Americo-Liberians, and the remaining 484,000 aboriginal inhabitants. We infer from Mr. Ralston's statements that the Americo-Liberians, or Anglo-Saxon negroes, as he calls them, act as pioneers and civilizers of their African brethren in several ways, and that their increase by immigration is much desired in order to stimulate industry and enterprise. "Important exports cannot be expected until greatly increased capital, and a great addition from the free negroes of the United States, shall give a greater command of skilled and industrious settlers who will be fortunate in finding abundance of native laborers at the low rate of three dollars and rations per month all through the country. . . . It is the policy of the Liberian Government to induce American immigrants to settle in the interior—some fifteen, twenty, or thirty miles from the coast—where the surface of the country is undulating and hilly, and more healthy for those freshly arrived than the coast country. Carysburg, White Plains, and Clay Ashland, are some of these interior settlements from which good results have already been experienced."

The Republic is divided into four counties, Montserrado, Grand Bassa, Sinoe, and Maryland, which are further subdivided into townships, each of the latter being "about eight miles in extent. Each town is a corporation, its affairs being managed by officers chosen by the inhabitants. Courts of monthly and quarter sessions are held in each county." Each county sends two members to the Senate, and every ten thousand persons send a member to the House of Representatives. The latter is elected for two years, the Sen-

ate for four. The President and Vice-President (who are elected for two years) must each be thirty-five years of age, and possessed of real property to the amount of six hundred dollars. "The judicial power is vested in a supreme court, and such subordinate courts as the Legislature may from time to time establish." "Such of the aborigines as have for three years previously adopted and maintained civilized habits, are entitled to the elective franchise, and a considerable number exercise this privilege." "There are native [i.e., pure African, we conclude] magistrates and jurors." This is an extremely hopeful feature, and the following facts are equally encouraging. "The English is the mother tongue of the Liberians, and they are extending its use along the coast and into the interior. Nothing is more common than for the native chiefs and the head men and other important persons among the tribes within the jurisdiction of Liberia, and even far beyond, to place their sons at the early age of three, four, or five years, in the family of the Americo-Liberians expressly to learn English and to acquire civilized habits. Among the natives, to understand English is the greatest accomplishment and

advantage; and with some of the coast tribes, a knowledge of English is beginning to be regarded as a necessary qualification for the ruling men of the chief towns."

Mr. Ralston's paper "was illustrated by a collection of the products of Liberia as sent to the International Exhibition. These consisted of specimens of cotton cloth, well manufactured, and dyed; of coffee, sugar, raw cotton, palm oil, rice, silkworm cocoons. Swords made by the natives from the iron of the country, with stone anvils and hammers, pouches, leather accoutrements for horses, and a great variety of fibres were also on the table." Iron ore abounds all over Liberia, and every species of tropical produce thrives there. Cotton grows spontaneously all over the country, and the Liberians, encouraged by the Manchester Cotton Supply Association, are now paying greater attention to its production than they have hitherto done. We rejoice to note all these hopeful tokens, and wish the fullest success to this brave little African Republic. A noble work lies before it, and we hope that every European influence that can accelerate its progress will be heartily exerted in its behalf.

THE first Alfred while he was a refugee in Ireland became "deeply versed in literature, and enriched his mind with every kind of learning." His fourth successor Celwulf was also a scholar. "Bede at the very juncture when Britain most abounded with scholars, offered his History of the Angels for correction, to this prince more especially; making choice of his authority, to confirm by his high station what had been well written; and of his learning to rectify by his talents what might be carelessly expressed."

THIS Celwulf "thinking it beneath the dignity of a Christian to be immersed in earthly things, abdicated the throne after a reign of eight years and assumed the monastic habit at Lindisfarne," where he lived and died in the odor of sanctity.

BONIFACE wrote to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, to remonstrate with the clergy and nuns on the fineness and vanity of their dress.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 936

And Alcuin, writing to Cuthbert's successor, Athelard, reminds him that when he should come to Rome to visit the Emperor Charles the Great, he should not bring the clergy or monks, dressed in party-colored or gaudy garments, for the French clergy used only ecclesiastical habits.

A STORM AT NIGHT.

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the
clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with
fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy
blasts,
Or torn up sheer.

—Milton.

From The Spectator.

RELICS OF SHELLEY.*

WE regret the publication of this volume. It is evident that Shelley's most attached friends and relatives, while from delicate and honorable motives they refrain as yet from telling all they know of Shelley's—in some respects—unhappy life, lest it should give pain to surviving relatives of the persons involved, yet cannot help hovering round the subject of his more questionable actions, as the moth hovers round the candle, neither willing as yet to explain fully what might refute the worst reflections upon his conduct, nor able to let the subject sleep till the time arrives when they could do so. The literary worth of the fragments in these volumes is not such as to have demanded separate publication, even if it would have justified publication at all; and the little instalment of correspondence printed here, would have been of far more value if woven into the correspondence already published. There is, in fact, scarcely any *motive* for the book, except Mr. Garnett's rejoinder to Mr. T. L. Peacock, in reference to the conduct of Shelley towards his first wife: and this it would have been far more dignified to defer till it was possible to produce all the particulars to which so many mysterious references are made. Except a beautiful poem of Shelley which was published a few months ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and one of some merit of Mr. Garnett's own on the poet, written in the neighborhood of Mrs. Shelley's tomb, there is nothing in this book that has any literary unity or finish. It is a basket of literary chips and shavings, gathered up from the poet's workshop.

There is no writer in the whole range of English literature who will less bear this piecemeal treatment than Shelley. It is not the rich light of imaginative thought—as with Coleridge,—the passion of deep insight—as with Wordsworth,—nor the gleam of fanciful sentiment—as with Moore,—which takes hold of us,—all these might be to some extent preserved in fragments, and preserved even without loss of power. But Shelley's poems, whatever else they are meant to be, are meant at least to be felt and seen as wholes—as melodies complete in themselves, expressing some one wave of

* *Relics of Shelley*. Edited by Richard Garnett. London: Moxon & Co. 1862.

passion, which, if interrupted, is a mere spray of isolated drops,—if completed, adds another new movement to the few distinct vibrations of intellectual melody that permanently possess the imagination of youth.

To have Shelley's poetry in disjointed particles is more disappointing than to have broken atoms of a rainbow; for though there also the whole beauty consists in the rare proportions of the continuous curve, the least arc will enable us to pursue the bow of promise in imagination up to the zenith and down again to the horizon, while every *hiatus* in Shelley's many-colored thought is simply beyond all human power to supply. For example, what is this dislocated stanza worth,—part of the shining ore of Shelley's mind though it evidently is,—without the whole movement of which it must have been an essential element?—

“At the creation of the Earth
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of Heaven did rise
Wrapt in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow;
Her life-breathing (limbs) did flow
In the Harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line,
Which enwrapt her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.”

And many of the fragments are far more fragmentary even than this is; for example, the following excluded passage in the *Adonais*:—

“A mighty Phantasm, half concealed
In darkness of his own exceeding light,
Which clothed his awful presence unrevealed,
Charioted on the night
Of thunder-smoke, whose skirts were chrysolite
And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips
The splendor-winged chariot of the sun,
eclipse
The armies of the golden stars, each one
Pavilioned in its tent of light—all strewn
Over the chasms of blue night——”

There is, we feel, far more pain in the sense of mutilation which such passages produce—the sense of a broken melody—than pleasure in the occasional gleam of Shelley's genius which remains there; for the breathless continuity of his song, which rolls onward to the end without rest or pause, was of the true essence of Shelley's genius, and to have shattered fragments of his music is like listening to a stammering lark.

Nor is the injury to Shelley's poetry involved in this fragmentary treatment greater than that to his biography. Never was any great poet made known to the world by more fitful and inadequate biographic hints; never was there any great poet whose story stood more in need of a continuous and frank narrative, or whose nature was more susceptible of a living and distinct portraiture in such a narrative, than Shelley's. His life was like one of his own lyrics,—eager to breathlessness when the spell of action or emotion was on him,—faint to sickness in the after-mood of reaction, when it had passed away; at all times penetrated with the glow of a temperament in which selfish calculation had absolutely no share,—at all times underrating law, or rather holding the law of impulse intrinsically higher than any other, and chafing at what he called "the infinite malice of Destiny," when that which Wordsworth would have bowed before as the awful form of Duty, bade him imperatively curb the wayward impulse of the hour;—in short, a life in which the throbbing pulses of intellectualized passion can be felt distinctly at almost every point, and so unique as a whole, that his outward lot, whether as regards his errors, his persecutions, his companions, or his strange death and stranger funeral rites, seems almost the inseparable vesture of his marvellous nature.

Mr. Garnett has struck the true key to the character in the following lines:—

"That Soul of planetary birth,
Tempered for some more prosperous Earth,
Happy, by error or by guile
Rapt from the star most volatile
That speeds with fleet and fiercest might
Next to the kernel of all light,
Fallen unwelcome, unaware,
On this low world of want and care,
Mistake, misfortune, and misdeed,
Passion and pang,—where not indeed
Ever might envious daemon quell
The ardor indestructible;
The mood scarce human or divine,
Angelic half, half infantine;
The intense, unearthly quivering
Of rapture or of suffering;
The lyre, now thrilling wild and high,
Now stately as the symphony
That times the solemn periods,
Comings and goings of the gods,
And smitten with as free a hand
As if the plectrum were a wand
Gifted with magic to unbar
The silver gate of every star:—

And truly, Shelley, thine were strains
At once to fire and freeze the veins
Such as were haply spells of dread
In the high regions forfeited,
Breathed less intelligibly for
The duller earthly auditor."

This "unearthly" form of earthly passions which marks itself so deeply on Shelley's poetry and fate, while it gives a singularly unique coloring to his whole life, was, no doubt, the real cause why there is so much both in his poetry and life which it is difficult to approach without some preconceived bias. No man of equal genius has been less adequately criticised either as a poet or a man. Even in these lines Mr. Garnett scarcely reaches the centre of the difficulty. Shelley's mysticism is not exactly of the kind which we can account for, even fancifully, by referring to its origin in another planet. It is quite true that his

"were strains

At once to fire and freeze the veins ;"

but the rest of the suggested explanation seems to us scarcely to grasp the whole of the difficulty. The mysticism which runs both through his life and his poetry approaches, odd, as it may appear, very closely to a somewhat naked simplicity of nature. There was wanting in him that nameless "awe" which teaches men to feel the difference between the natural and the supernatural, and makes them hold even the most solemn impulses of their own nature in restraint. Byron, and many of Shelley's contemporaries, felt this awe and wantonly violated it. Shelley seems to us not even to have felt it. Hence the strange perfection of his pantheism. He could throw his imagination into all the forms and attitudes of natural life, and interpret them as if he were conscious of nothing higher than beauty or deformity,—without shrinking in any way from the most naturalistic view which they suggested. Hence all the marvellous passion of his poetry has about it a tone from which we shrink;—without any of the license of Byron, without anything of the erotic vulgarity of Moore, with the highest sense of the sacredness of passion, there is a bold, eager naturalism of tone, a complete absence of any sense of distinction between the supersensual and the sensuous, which gives to Shelley's writings

something of the impression that they are the poetry of a man with no "spirit" in St. Paul's sense, though with a noble "soul" as well as a sensitive physical body. This seems to us one of the central features of all his poetry. It shows senses of ethereal fire, an intellect of wonderful subtlety, a soul of pure magnanimity, but no shadow of divine responsibility, no consciousness of living under an eternal eye and will, and none of the *breadth* of sympathy and judgment which that consciousness never fails to bring. But if this be the great negative feature of this wonderful poet's writings, the jar with which it strikes upon us is indefinitely increased by these fragmentary

publications of facts bearing on the one or two central errors of his life. There is much in Shelley's life, looked at as a whole, which relieves the naked naturalism of his theory of love. But to this one focus we are again and again drawn by these unwise publications of fragments all bearing on this point. Hence we trust that Mr. Garnett's may be the last. He is not unfit to write, whenever the time shall come, a complete and harmonious life of the poet, embodying all that has yet appeared, and laying no undue stress on controverted points,—and* till he does so, we hope he will not again publish on the subject.

RUSHES were used to strew the floors in Normandy when Wm. the Conqueror was born, for "at the very moment when the infant burst into life, and touched the ground he filled both hands with the rushes strewed upon the floor, firmly grasping what he had taken up." This prodigy was joyfully witnessed by the women gossiping on the occasion; and the midwife hailed the propitious omen, declaring that the boy would be a king.

"WHEN Harold was in Normandy, William took him with him in his expedition to Brittany, to make proof of his prowess, and at the same time with the deeper design of showing to him his military equipment, that he might perceive how far preferable was the Norman sword to the English battle-axe."

HAROLD's spies, before the battle of Hastings, reported that almost all the Norman army "had the appearance of priests, as they had the whole face with both lips shaven. For the English leave the upper lip unshorn, suffering the hair continually to increase; which Cæsar affirms to have been a national custom with the ancient inhabitants of Britain."

"THE English at that time wore short garments reaching to the mid-knee; they had their hair cropped, their beards shaven, their arms laden with golden bracelets, their skins adorned with punctured designs. They were accustomed to eat till they became surfeited, and to drink till they were sick. These latter qualities they imparted to their conquerors; as to the rest they adopted their manners."

THE editor of Rabelais says "ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est que ce furent les Goths qui introduisirent l'usage de dîner et de souper, c'est à dire, de faire deux grands repas par jour. En quoi on s'éloigna de l'ancienne coutume qui étoit de dîner fort légèrement, et de souper à fond."

A SAXON nun wrote six plays in imitation of Terrence, but in honor of virginity. They were published at Nusenberg, 1501; but the book is singularly scarce. She wrote circiter, A.D. 980.

ALCUIN writes to the monks of Wearmouth, obliquely accusing them of having done the very thing which he begs them not to do. "Let the youths be accustomed to attend the praises of our heavenly King, not to dig up the burrows of foxes, or pursue the winding mazes of hares."

ETHELBAUD of Mercia, who died 756, exempted all monasteries and churches in his kingdom from public taxes, works, and impositions, except the building of forts and bridges, from which none can be released.

He also gave the servants of God "perfect liberty in the product of their woods and lands, and the right of fishing." Ergo, there were rights of the feudal character, and game laws before the conquest.

ATHELSTAL, his hair was "flaxen, as I have seen by his reliques, and beautifully wreathed with golden threads." Was he then buried with his hair thus disposed? This was a fashion at Troy, see the death of Euphorbus.

From The Economist.

THE COMING CONTEST IN BRAZIL.

THE *Revue des deux Mondes* has recently contained some papers on the state of Brazil as novel as they are instructive. The great empire of South America is in many respects so wonderfully like the great republic of the North, that it is all but impossible to read the flaming history of the one without being brought to think of the other, and, seeing the effect of slavery on democratic institutions, to follow with curious eye its result in a monarchy. The same British ships which had brought back our troops from the United States, escorted King João over from Portugal into Brazil, and while a new republic grew up on one side of the Atlantic, a new kingdom of equal extent developed itself on the other. It was to be a singular trial between monarchy and republic, such as the world never saw before. A territory of three million square miles on either side; an endless shore, splendid rivers, and everything that conduces to the greatness of nations, were supplied in abundance by nature. There was not a spot in the whole picture to mar its brilliancy, except the almost unobserved sign of cancer, hidden in the one "domestic institution."

The first visible appearance of the disease was almost simultaneous in both countries. The influence of Great Britain having destroyed the main sources of the traffic in human flesh and blood, almost identical phenomena began to develop themselves in the great Republic of the North and the great kingdom of the South. In both free labor began to encroach upon slavery, pushing the "institution" onward from the moderate zone towards the equator, and fixing a geographical boundary between liberty and bondage. Previous to the treaty between England and Brazil for the abolition of the slave trade (1826), a full-grown black man was to be bought at Rio de Janeiro for about £20, while a few years after his price rose to double the amount. The treaty was not observed by any means; but the commerce in "ebony wood" grew more hazardous, and the trader had to be paid for his risk. For about thirty years longer some fifty thousand slaves were annually imported into Brazil, the cargoes gradually rising in price, and completely changing in character. While the traffic in black men was open and undis-

turbed, the trader loaded his ships in the easiest possible manner by embarking whole families of negroes; but when the voyage became difficult, the cargo had to be picked, and only strong bone and muscle were carried to the market, while the weak, the women and children, had to stop behind. This had the double consequence of restricting the field of slavery, and of altering the mode of slave industry. It was at the same period that both the American and Brazilian slaveholders began to neglect the old system of husbandry, and to confine themselves to the more profitable cultivation of a single article—the cotton-plant in the north, the coffee-tree in the south. It was found that the black machine, not much given to, and not much allowed to think, was not able to compete with the free white in the ordinary branches of field labor, which are directed to the production of food, and require, on account of the diversity of cultivation, a certain amount of intelligence. The free man, on the other hand, had no desire to be connected with a most monotonous exercise of mere physical force, and contented himself, both in the north and south of America, with confining the new staple industry within a given boundary. It was thus that the slave power, having entirely changed its old form, grew up into a political, social, and commercial monopoly, forming a state within a state. Neither the ultra-democratic institutions of the North American republic nor the monarchic form of government in the South, were of any avail to check the growth of the disease, but both led exactly to the same result.

There is reason to believe that the Emperor Pedro II. has not only been long ago fully alive to the dangers of the situation, but that he has a strong personal antipathy to the traffic in human flesh and blood. His majesty, and at least two of his constitutional advisers in the present ministry, have long stood forward against the encroachments of the slave power, but with, on the whole, as little success as the abolition party in the United States. This is the more convincing in respect to the important question whether a monarchical government would have prevented the present awful strife in North America, because the constitutional activity of the Brazilian emperor is by no means confined within narrow limits.

According to the charter of 1831, the government of the empire is vested in two powers, the legislative and the executive, the latter entirely under the control of the sovereign. The legislature consists of a Senate of fifty-four members, appointed by the emperor, and a House of Representatives, elected by the suffrages of all free citizens having property to the amount of two hundred milreas, or about £35 annually. This must be acknowledged to be a strong monarchical constitution, yet it has been as ineffective hitherto in dealing with the "institution" as the most advanced republic. The slave power in Brazil, so far from being repressed by the strong arm of an enlightened sovereign, is, on the contrary, increasing its influence from year to year, to the absorption of nearly the whole administrative machinery of the state—a phenomenon well worth studying by both the friends and the enemies of republican institutions.

The present political situation of the great South American empire is of a very extraordinary kind. The country, over all its vast extent of territory, has only some eight million inhabitants, but of these nearly one-half are slaves. Thanks to the vigilance of English cruisers, the African traffic is at this moment all but suppressed, and the coffee-planter on the Amazon, like the cotton-planter on the Mississippi, has to look for his supply of hands to home-grown material. Thus slavery is concentrating itself in the northern regions of the empire, while a continual stream of free labor is flowing in at the south. It is true, the immigration into Brazil of German, Swiss, Dutch, and Danish laborers, though highly encouraged by the Imperial Government, is but small as compared with the human tide which continued rushing into the Northern Republic up to the last year or two; but it has been most effective, nevertheless, among a more limited population, and has produced already some of the results visible in the United States, in the pressure of white crowds against black. The Germans, in particular, have established in the province of Rio-Grande-do-Sul, some very flourishing settlements, which are likely to become, at no very distant time, the Massachusetts of Southern America. It is a noticeable fact that the nucleus of these Saxon colonies was formed on an immense estate belonging to the Prince de Joinville,

the heir apparent (or father to the heir apparent) of the throne of Brazil. The prince received the territory as a dowry on his marriage with the sister of Pedro II., and by making it over to an enterprising community of free settlers, has very probably done more for the abolition of slavery, than by enrolling his nephews under the banner of General McClellan. So much is certain, that wherever these colonists are setting their foot in Brazil, slavery is retreating before them. The labor of the black man had previously degraded agricultural industry in the country to such an extent that not even the plow was known to the masters of the land some thirty years ago, and was looked upon, in the hands of the German immigrants, as an absolutely new invention. No wonder, then, that the empire of Brazil, which might produce corn enough to feed the whole globe, has not sufficient for its own inhabitants, but must import food from neighboring States unafflicted with the "institution."

There are all the signs that the battle of slavery must be fought one day quite the same in monarchical Brazil as it is now in republican North America, though in all likelihood the struggle will be less severe. It almost seems that the slave lords in the southern empire are already preparing for it, and trimming their sails for the coming storm. The power of the party lies chiefly in the nineteen provincial assemblies, the establishment of which dates back to 1835, a time when Brazil was torn by internal disorders, ending in a general rising of the slaves in the north. To subdue the mutinous negroes, the local parliaments were temporarily invested with considerable powers, which they have retained ever since. The jurisdiction of these assemblies, composed almost entirely of slave-owners, is analogous to that granted to the individual States of the North American republic, and is exercised very nearly to the same ends as in the Southern States previous to the outbreak of the war. As a consequence, the Imperial Government is helpless in many respects, and the central parliament even must give way oftener than is desirable to local influence. It does not seem at all likely that king and ministers will get the upperhand in this struggle, which has been going on now for many years, with increasing gain to the slave power. What is more probable is

that the free element in the Southern Brazilian States, strong already in Santa-Catharina, Rio-Grande-do-Sul, and two or three other provinces, will conquer the oligarchic rule in the local assemblies, making the struggle similar to what it has been in the North American Union. In this case secession would be ripe at once, to be suppressed either by the central Government, or to end in the establishment of new and completely independent states. The movement has, to some extent, begun already, in the opposition of Pernambuco and Bahia, the two most important cities of Brazil, next to Rio de Janeiro, to the Imperial Government. To subdue the threatening storm, one governor after another is despatched into the malcontent provinces, in order to watch the symptoms of rebellion, without having sufficient time to participate in it. Some of the last presidents of Pernambuco scarcely enjoyed more than a month of office, and cases have happened in which a fortnight's government was all the time allowed. The wisdom of such a system of mistrust seems extremely doubtful, and little fitted to ensure the otherwise uncertain victory of monarchical institutions over an oligarchical slave power.

From The Press, 13 Sept.

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

THE minds of men on the continent of Europe are still much excited by the extraordinary events of the last few days. The connivance of Victor Emmanuel and his ministers in the earlier proceedings of Garibaldi, their subsequent determination, at the bidding of the Emperor Napoleon, to adopt decisive measures for the suppression of the movement, the conflict at Aspromonte, the defeat and capture of Garibaldi, and the dangerous character of one of the wounds which he received in the short encounter, form topics not only of animated discussion, but also for serious reflection in every part of Europe. These events have,

moreover, had the effect of bringing into prominent notice the kind of influence wielded by the Emperor of the French in Italian affairs. Some of the French organs openly declare that both Italian unity and German unity are incompatible with the grandeur, or more correctly speaking with the ascendancy, of France. Hence, we are assured, it is her policy to oppose, both on the Rhine and in the Italian peninsula, that consolidation of power by which alone the integrity either of Italy or Germany can be secured. The Italians display considerable irritation at the audacity with which the designs of the emperor against the independence of their country are avowed. This is greatly increased by the feeling which prevails that Garibaldi has been sacrificed both by the king and his ministers, to satisfy the ambitious views of Napoleon. The critical state of Garibaldi's health, caused by the severity of one of the wounds which he received in the late encounter, serves to add fuel to the flame of public indignation. In the mean time the conviction gains ground that Ratazzi will be compelled to give place to Ricasoli.

Uneasiness also prevails to a considerable extent in France, where the emperor has, by his doubtful policy towards the Papacy, and his hostile attitude towards Italy, created a host of enemies. Marshal M'Mahon is at the head of a new military party now rising in that country. It possesses great influence and numbers in its ranks most of the marshals and generals. The empress is said to regard this new party with favor, and we need scarcely add that the Pope has no more ardent admirer and supporter than Marshal M'Mahon. This alliance between the military and clerical parties—the most powerful in France—is ominous, and may in a great measure explain the recent vacillations of the French emperor in respect to Italian questions in general. It is evident that affairs on the Continent are gradually assuming a very menacing aspect, and it is only by the exercise of the greatest caution that a painful explosion can be averted.

From The Examiner.

MR. GLAISHER'S ACCOUNT OF THE LATE
HIGH BALLOON ASCENT AT
WOLVERHAMPTON.

On the earth at 1h. 3m. the temperature of the air was 59 deg., at the height of one mile it was 39 deg., and shortly afterwards we entered a cloud of about 1,100 feet in thickness, in which the temperature of the air fell to 36 1-2 deg., and the wet bulb thermometer read the same, showing that the air here was saturated with moisture. On emerging from the cloud at 1h. 17m. we came into a flood of light, with a beautiful blue sky, without a cloud above us, and a magnificent sea of cloud below, its surface being varied with endless hills, hillocks, mountain chains, and many snow-white masses rising from it. I here tried to take a view with the camera, but we were rising with too great rapidity, and going round and round too quickly to enable me to do so; the flood of light, however, was so great, that all I should have needed would have been a momentary exposure, as Dr. Hill Norris had kindly furnished me with extremely sensitive dry plates for the purpose. When we reached two miles in height, at 1h. 21m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point. We were three miles high at 1h. 28m., with a temperature of 18 deg.; at 1h. 39m. we had reached four miles, and the temperature was 8 deg.; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature had passed below zero, and then read minus 2 deg., and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's Hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30 deg. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertions he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. At 1h. 51m. the barometer reading was 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a height of about 53-4 miles. I read the dry bulb thermometer as minus 5 deg.; in endeavoring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens and also failed. I then tried to read the

other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring and he would when he came down. I endeavored to reach some brandy which was lying on the table, at the distance of about a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so. My sight became more dim. I looked at the barometer and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, at this time was about 9 3-4 inches, implying a height of 53-4 miles, as a change of one inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of 2,500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side; I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring; it became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep. This must have been about 1h. 54m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, "What is the temperature? Take an observation. Now try." But I could neither see, move, nor speak. I then heard him speak more emphatically, "Take an observation. Now, do try." I shortly afterwards opened my eyes, saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible;" and he replied, "You have, and I nearly." I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said, "I have lost the use of my hands, give me some brandy to bathe them." His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m., recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches and the temperature minus 2. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was one mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that whilst in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all round the neck of the

balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance; he spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible. He then said he felt that insensibility was coming over himself, that he became anxious to open the valve, that his hands failed him, and that he seized the line between his teeth and pulled the valve open until the balloon took a turn downwards. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon. On asking Mr. Coxwell whether he had noticed the temperature, he said he could not, as the faces of the instrument were all towards me; but that he had noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car, were in the same straight line; if so, the reading must have been between 7 and 8 inches. A height of 61·2 miles corresponds to 8 inches. A delicate self-registering minim thermometer read minus 12 deg., but unfortunately I did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed on descending. When the temperature rose to 17 deg. it was remarked as warm, and 24 deg. as very warm. The temperature gradually and constantly increased to 57 deg. on reaching the ground. It was remarked that the sand was warm to the hand, and steamed on being discharged. Six pigeons were taken up—one was thrown out at the height of three miles, it extended its wings and dropped as a piece of paper; a second at four miles flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip at each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly alighted on the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground. One was found dead, and the other a "carrier," had attached to its neck a note. It would not, however, leave, and when cast off the finger returned to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of

ribbon by which its neck was encircled, and it was then jerked off the finger, and it flew with some vigor finally towards Wolverhampton. Not one however had returned when I left on the afternoon of the 6th. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Proud, the engineer of the gas works, for the production of gas of such a small specific gravity. It would seem from these facts that five miles is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that in another I might be able to go higher; and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold, but still I think prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as low as eleven inches, open the valve at once, the increased information to be attained is not commensurate with the increased risk.

Sept. 9.

JAMES GLAISHER.

From Punch.

AWFUL SCENE AT BIARRITZ.

The MAN OF SILENCE has just entered his dressing-room near the sea. The door of the apartment is violently burst open, and enter to him the MAN OF FLEET STREET.

Mr. Punch. I say. Come.

The Emperor. Come where, my friend, and would you shut that door, as there is no end of a draught?

Mr. P. You are surprised to see me?

The E. I am never surprised.

Mr. P. Well then, I am, sometimes. And this is one of the times. How came you to run away from Paris without seeing me?

The E. My friend!

Mr. P. Oh, bother, don't friend me. I consider that you have behaved uncommonly rudely, and that's all about it.

The E. If so, allons!

Mr. P. All very fine, but you don't impose upon me with your reticence. A Frenchman thinks it such a miracle that a man is able to hold his tongue, that you astonish your subjects by your silence, but we are not to be done that way. What are you going to do?

The E. Bathe.

Mr. P. I say—not too much of that sort of thing with me. I like the epigrammatic as well as anybody, but there is a time when

it is a man's business to open his mouth. Is there not?

The E. At seven. Come. Don't dress.

Mr. P. I'll tell you what, Elected of the Millions, you'll rile me presently. Yes, I will dine with you, but look here. I have come to you upon the Italian question, and I demand to know your intentions. I ought to be aware of everything!

The E. Who is, if not you?

Mr. P. A very proper compliment, Louis Napoleon, but I am not exactly in the mood for compliments at this present speaking. It is perfectly clear that a crisis has arrived, and that the eyes of all Europe are now turned upon you.

The E. Rude of Europe.

[*Draws down blind.*]

Mr. P. My dear Emperor, I am not here to learn that you have plenty of *esprit*, or that you might write a whole *Charivari* by yourself, if you could get your censor's leave to publish. Now let me have a serious answer to a serious question. What order have you sent to your General in Rome?

The E. The Legion of Honor.

Mr. P. Nephew of your Uncle, do not provoke me too much, for this is very hot weather, and I have a temper to match. Garibaldi has made his attempt, is defeated, and is a wounded prisoner. The movement is at an end.

The E. How carefully you have read the papers.

Mr. P. You want to put me into a passion, do you, Sire? Then you just sha'n't. Now, Mr. Protector of Rome, you perceive that the good King, Victor Emmanuel, is quite capable of protecting Rome without your aid, and so you may march out with perfect comfort—for the door is open.

The E. (*Looks at handle.*) No, it is closed, but I thank you.

Mr. P. You will not have much reason to thank me, presently. Do you hear what I say? Rome does not want you there any longer. So are you going to walk out?

The E. With the Empress, at two.

Mr. P. Emperor, you have no business in the Eternal City. I tell you that your occupation is indefensible.

The E. (*Shows paper.*) Why, I am only drawing caricatures for my child.

Mr. P. Your occupation of Rome, Sire. You understand me perfectly well.

The E. Who misunderstands lucidity personified?

Mr. P. I am all that, no doubt. But I repeat my question, and I demand a response.

The E. Amen!

Mr. P. What do you mean by that!

The E. (*mildly.*) That is a response, I believe. At least I have always understood so from the priests.

Mr. P. Emperor of the French, or rather of France, a dark thought strikes me. Is it possible that you have not made up your mind upon the course you are to adopt? If so I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. But if you are in doubt, it is well I came. I will direct you as to the course.

The E. De Morny manages my racing.

Mr. P. Does he? I wish your Imperial Stableship much joy. You are dexterous, Sire, but I return to the charge, and I design to do so again and again until I have elicited the truth. What line are you going to take?

The E. For my return to Paris? There is but one. We do not waste money on half a dozen railways to the same place, like certain islanders. The South-Western.

Mr. P. Son of Queen Hortense, would you do me the favor to avoid levity when we are speaking on a grave subject.

The E. We? You.

Mr. P. Ah, yes, but you shall speak on it also before I have done with you. If you are firm, I am obstinate. Sire, it is now as useless as it is unjust for you to continue your occupation of Rome. Do you intend to bring it to an end.

The E. Rome? Fate forbid!

Mr. P. What—what do you mean by Rome?

The E. The capital of —

Mr. P. (*eagerly.*) Ah?

The E. (*smiles.*) Of the temporal dominions of his Holiness the Pope.

Mr. P. Bah, but what do you mean by invoking Fate about Rome?

The E. You asked me, my valued friend, whether I intended to destroy Rome, or you used words to that effect.

Mr. P. When the Artful Dodger dies you shall be Dodger, though I *had* promised the place to your friend Dizzy. Are you not going to let me into your confidence; me, *Punch*, your truest and best ally?

The E. I am. Pardon me that I have hesitated, but it was in the hopes of gaining from your wisdom some new light upon my situation.

Mr. P. (blushing.) Nay, I am sure that I shall be but too happy, Sire, to afford you any new light in my power.

The E. You can give me much. Would you touch the spring of that blind?

Mr. P. (does so. The blind flies up.) Well, Sire?

The E. (smiles.) You see, I did not overrate your ability.

Mr. P. By Jove! But I'll keep my temper.

The E. It is always well to do so. In reward for your heroic effort, walk up-stairs and see the Empress, and tell her that you are coming to dinner. And she will show you the child. If you are good-natured, you will tell him a story.

Mr. P. (with profound intention.) Shall I tell him that the child of the First Napoleon was King of Rome.

The E. (with intense explosion.) Ha! You have—but no matter, no matter. Go to the Empress, my dear friend, go to the Empress.

[*Rushes out.*]

Mr. P. He has dashed into the sea with his clothes on. But I have undressed his soul. Ha!

[*Is left in an attitude, considering several things.*]

From Punch.

THE NAGGLETONS.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Parlor, Hall, and Doorsteps of a genteel house in the suburbs of the Metropolis. Various boxes, done up in white and corded, also portmanteaus and carpet-bags, also a bonnet-box, and a bundle of umbrellas, sticks, and a fishing-rod, are disposed in the Hall.

Mr. Naggleton (fussing about.) Now, Maria, it is nine o'clock.

Mrs. N. (looking as objectionable as a woman always does when she has a travelling dress on, no gloves, and a cross aspect.) Well, what if it is?

Mr. N. Train starts at 9.40.

Mrs. N. That's ten minutes to ten.

Mr. N. No, it isn't.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is.

Mr. N. I tell you it is twenty minutes to ten, and we have got to get to the Station.

Mrs. N. You need not tell me that. Do you think I suppose the train starts from this door?

Mr. N. No; but if we are to catch it, we ought to be off.

Mrs. N. What nonsense! As if we should be three-quarters of an hour going there.

Mr. N. Why no, for if we are, we shall miss the train by five minutes.

Mrs. N. No, we sha'n't, but you are always in such a fidget, and you like to be an hour before time.

Mr. N. Better so than an hour after it. Are you ready?

Mrs. N. I don't know. What's that noise?

Mr. N. The cab. I sent for it.

Mrs. N. That you might have to pay the man for waiting half an hour. Just like you.

Mr. N. If you are going to keep him half an hour, say so.

Mrs. N. What then?

Mr. N. Then, I'll go into the city, and we will adjourn our departure till to-morrow.

Mrs. N. If I don't go to-day, I won't go at all.

Mr. N. If you don't go to-day, it will be your own fault.

Mrs. N. No, it will not; it will be yours.

Mr. N. How the — I mean how do you make that out?

Mrs. N. Why, you keep nagging at me, and bewildering me till I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels. Have you got the bunch of keys?

Mr. N. I've never seen the bunch of keys.

Mrs. N. I gave 'em to you in the bedroom.

Mr. N. You did nothing of the kind. There they are in your basket.

Mrs. N. Then you must have put 'em there.

Mr. N. How could that be when you had the basket on your arm all the time. But you've got them—what else have you got to dawdle for?

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I declare I had rather stay in town all the rest of my life than be hunted and driven like this. Have you written the directions for the luggage?

Mr. N. Lor, woman, yes, and stuck 'em on an hour ago.

Mrs. N. I dare say they'll all come off in the journey.

Mr. N. I dare say they'll do nothing of the kind.

Mrs. N. You know they all did when we went to Boulogne.

Mr. N. I know that one did, which was your own putting on. Mine I pasted firmly on that occasion, and they are on the boxes now.

Mrs. N. Yes, disfiguring them, and making them look like I don't know what.

Mr. N. Can't we finish the Boulogne dispute in the cab, as the time is getting on? But you like to be late—you think it fine.

Mrs. N. How can you talk such rubbish?

Mr. N. I ask you again what the—what are we waiting for?

Mrs. N. We are waiting till I am ready, and are likely to wait till then.

Mr. N. I wish I knew within half an hour or so how soon that would be, because I would like a stroll and a cigar.

Mrs. N. You would vex the soul out of a saint.

Mr. N. I never had the chance of trying. But, my dear, I should like to go to Worthing to-day, unless you have any strong objection. (*Rings.*)

Mrs. N. What are you ringing for?

Mr. N. Sarah, to see the boxes in the cab.

Mrs. N. She is up-stairs with the children.

Mr. N. What business has she there?

Mrs. N. I sent her.

Mr. N. Pray what for? Where's Morton, whose business it is to attend to them?

Mrs. N. Perhaps, Henry, you will permit me to manage my servants in my own way?

Mr. N. It seems to me that they manage you.

Mrs. N. I can't answer such vulgarity.

Mr. N. I know you can't answer what I say. But, once more, who is to attend to the boxes, if you send the servants out of the way in this ridiculous manner?

Mrs. N. You have no more feeling for your children than a stone. I desired the servants to stay up-stairs with the poor things, that they might not know that we were going away.

Mr. N. Pack of nonsense, they must know it half an hour later, and what's the sense of spoiling children in that absurd way?

Mrs. N. It's very little chance our children have of being spoiled, Henry. I do

not suppose that there is another father in the terrace who would be happy in leaving town without taking his children with him.

Mr. N. Now how in the name of everything that is—

Mrs. N. Your language is getting perfectly horrible, Henry. They say such things are a sign of incipient softening of the brain. I hope it may not be true, but Dr. Winslow is certainly an authority.

Mr. N. Bosh! I was only saying how could the children have gone with us, when James expressly said in his invitation that he had only one room to offer?

Mrs. N. And you were so eager to accept that invitation, while if we had accepted Aunt Flaggerty's, we could all have gone; but Aunt Flaggerty doesn't fish, and smoke, and drink gin and water in the evening.

Mr. N. It may be so.

Mrs. N. Henry! If you dare to insult a relative who is so dear to me, in your own mind, common decency might induce you to keep such sentiments to yourself.

Mr. N. I never said a word against the old lady. But I certainly had no great inclination for evenings of reading Alison, and soda-water and bedroom candles at half-past nine.

Mrs. N. Of course you think of nobody but yourself.

Mr. N. Yes, I think of you, and how pleased and amiable you will look when we get to the terminus and find the doors closed, as we certainly shall.

Mrs. N. We shall do nothing of the kind.

Mr. N. I believe you are right, we shall find them open again, and the clerks giving tickets for the next train, which does not go to Worthing.

Mrs. N. It will be all your own fault if we do, standing here annoying me instead of putting the boxes into the cab.

Mr. N. It's not my business. Let the servants do it.

Mrs. N. There, hold your tongue. I will do it. (*Seizes a vast box.*)

Mr. N. Maria, are you mad?

Mrs. N. It is enough to make me so, being nagged and worried as I am.

Mr. N. Here (*opens street-door*), cabman!

Cabman. Here you are, sir!

Mr. N. I know that, but I want you here. Put these things in and about the cab.

Cabman. Heavy load, rather, sir, aint it, sir? How many might be going, sir?

Mr. N. There might be twenty, but there are but two.

Mrs. N. That is right, Henry, and just like you. Standing to exchange wretched jokes with the lower orders, and every minute valuable, if we are to catch the train.

Mr. N. Go ahead, my good fellow. I'll make it right.

Cabman. All serene, sir.

[Attacks the boxes.

Mrs. N. That's just like you, Henry. First you joke with an inferior, and then, of course, you undertake to pay him whatever he may try to extort. Yesterday, poor Peter could not have a new cart, because it was throwing away money, but his father can give anything to an insolent cabman.

Mr. N. We shall have a break-down with all that luggage as sure as eggs is eggs. Ah, the first Mrs. Naggleton travelled with one portmanteau.

Mrs. N. The second Mrs. Naggleton happens to be a Lady.

[At this point the conversation of course begins to grow too terrible for publication, but they get off at last.

COAL-TAR COLORS.

ONE of the most prominent features in the Eastern Annex at the Exhibition is the gorgeous display made by the artificial coloring matters derived from coal-tar. Messrs. Perkin and Son, the originators of this new and important branch of industry, exhibit a very complete and beautiful collection, illustrating their manufacture of mauve dye or aniline purple. Commencing with the crude coal-tar, we have a complete series of the different stages of its manufacture, up to a gigantic block of the pure dye itself, upwards of a cubic foot in bulk, and said to be the product of the distillation of two thousand tons of coal. In illustration of the tinctorial properties of this dye, they exhibit a large glass jar, filled with a beautiful violet solution, the color of which is said to be communicated to it by one grain of the dye. As a pendant to this, there is shown on the opposite side a similar jar, filled with thick black coal-tar,—an amount which, by appropriate treatment,

would yield one grain of the coloring matter. The centre part of the case is filled with dyed specimens of all kinds, in skeins and fabrics, together with the various mordants used, illustrating the varieties of tint produced by modifications in the dyeing process. This collection is very complete, and has attracted great attention from our intelligent foreign visitors, who for the last month have been devoting themselves, officially or privately, to the examination of the substances in this class.

Specimens illustrating the manufacture of the beautiful magenta dye, a close relative of aniline purple, and obtained from the same source, are contributed by the firm of Messrs. Simpson, Maule, and Nicholson. The most striking object in this case—indeed, we might almost say one of the lions of this department of the Exhibition—is the magnificent crown, formed of enormous crystals of acetate of rosaniline, the chemical name of the pure magenta dye. The remarkable property which this body possesses of reflecting, when in the solid state, the opposite color to that which it gives when used as a dye, is here shown in a striking manner. The color of the crystals is of a remarkably brilliant and rich metallic green, only equalled by the shade observed in the plumage of some birds, and on the bodies and wings of a few insects. The production of a crown like this forcibly illustrates the gigantic scale of operations upon which this firm does business; the value of the substance composing the crown, merely regarding it in the light of a coloring matter, is upwards of £700, and we understand that the solution from which it was crystallized contained more than £2,000 worth of material. The scientific student will feel an interest in examining the enormous size of some of the crystals composing this crown, and of others lying in a dish by its side, and then comparing them with the almost microscopic size of those exhibited in one or two other cases. Most unfortunately the gorgeous brilliancy of the green metallic reflection from this salt is gradually failing under the influence of light, giving place to a somewhat unpleasant brown tarnish. The original color may still be seen upon close examination of those portions of the material which are in the shade, especially if the visitor directs his attention to two smaller

crowns which have recently been deposited by this firm on a neighboring counter; but the effect, beautiful as it is even now, bears no comparison to the exquisite lustre which the large crown bore on our first inspection of it, as it was being deposited in its case. In other parts of the collection exhibited by the same firm, are displayed materials illustrating the manufacture, in all its stages, from the coal tar naphtha, nitro-benzol, aniline, arsenic acid, up to the salts which possess and confer the color. There is also a specimen of a new yellow dye derived from aniline, respecting which we regret that further particulars are not given, as we understand it possesses many valuable and much-desired qualities. It is also to be regretted that these exhibitors have not, like the Messrs. Perkin, shown specimens dyed by these different colors. In addition to the cases already mentioned, there are other specimens of aniline dyes in different parts of the building, including some of the new aniline green or dianthine, respecting which we may remark, that unless the coloring matter possess other valuable properties, such as extra permanency, ease of application, cheapness, etc., we scarcely think that the tint here shown will cause it to prove a formidable rival to the green coloring matters already in use. All these aniline dyes can claim Mr. Perkin as their parent, and thus this gentleman deserves more prominent notice than would even be accorded to him from merely an inspection of his case. That and the one shown by Messrs. Simpson may be regarded as almost complete illustrations of a manufacture which has so rapidly become an important branch of our national industry. These cases will be looked upon with much interest by our readers after the very complete history of the manufacture lately given by Dr. Hofmann before the members of the Royal Institution and reported in our pages, and they will not fail to appreciate the intelligence of the chemist who succeeded in converting some of our most nauseous and repulsive by-products of gas manufacture into these lovely colors, and the commercial skill which has enabled them to be economically prepared on such a scale as to enable England to cease from being a dye-importing, and become a dye-exporting, country.—*London Review.*

BLACK LEAD.

SINCE the failure of the black-lead mines at Borrowdale, Cumberland, the discovery of a new source of this valuable mineral has been a matter of considerable importance. The International Exhibition contains several magnificent specimens; the Siberian black-lead trophy recently erected in the nave, introduces an entirely new locality for the supply of graphite. The mineral in the trophy is carved and polished into a variety of shapes, so that it is somewhat difficult to judge of its quality from a mere inspection; but in the Siberian Court several blocks of the graphite may be seen just as they came from the mine, and may be thoroughly examined by those who take an interest in the subject. The mineral seems tolerably good, and occurs in considerable masses and veins a foot or eighteen inches in thickness. We are not acquainted with an exact analysis of it, but we believe it contains a somewhat large quantity of oxide of iron, which would materially diminish its commercial value. Whilst this Siberian graphite, owing to its prominent position, has been the subject of much comment, the equally fine specimens exhibited in the Canadian department have been passed over almost unnoticed. The quality of this, as far as can be judged from a mere inspection, appears to be very good,—it has a foliated texture, the laminae being flexible. The masses are very large, quite equal to those from Siberia, and altogether we think that these mines will prove a valuable addition to the already known sources of black lead. Several good specimens of graphite are also exhibited from Ceylon, India, and other places, but none equal the Siberian or Canadian mineral in magnitude and beauty. A fine collection of specimens of plumbago, from most of the known localities, is also shown by the Plumbago Crucible Company.

A most interesting and instructive series of specimens illustrating a new mode of treating and purifying graphite, is exhibited by the discoverer of the process, Dr. Brodie, professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. By this mode of treatment the commonest variety of graphite, which can be obtained plentifully, but is of very little value, can be converted into cakes equal to the best native varieties of the mineral. The coarse lumps, containing a large pro-

portion of oxide of iron, silica, and other gritty materials, are first finely powdered, and boiled in hydrochloric acid, to remove lime, part of the iron, and similar impurities. The next operation consists in heating the dried powder with a mixture of diluted sulphuric acid and chlorate of potash. This mixture has the property of evolving a considerable quantity of oxygen gas when it is heated, and the graphite enters into some sort of combination with this gas and the acid, the nature of which is, however, not very well understood. Professor Brodie shows specimens of this sulphuric acid compound; in appearance it is very similar to the coarsely powdered graphite, the lustre, however, being somewhat different. When this is heated in the dry state a remarkable change takes place; the gas which is intimately combined with the graphite is suddenly evolved, and tears the particles of the mineral asunder, swelling it up to twenty or thirty times its original volume, and reducing it to a most intimate state of division. The operation being almost parallel to that brought out some years ago by Claussen for treating flax, the fibres of which were blown out and disintegrated in a similar manner by the sudden liberation of carbonic acid in the pores, reducing it to a material similar to cotton. The disintegrated graphite is then shaken up with water, and the coarser particles, consisting of gritty matter, etc., quickly fall to the bottom of the liquid, the graphite remaining suspended. This is then poured off from the heavier particles, and the suspended graphite separated from it by filtration, or other means, and dried. In this form it presents the appearance of shrivelled up leaves, not unlike some of Dr. Hassell's tea. It has the color of black lead, but is quite devoid of lustre, and is excessively light, so much so that it is almost impossible to remove the cover from the jar without sending a cloud of the powder into the air. The original appearance of the graphite can, however, be restored to this light powder by pressure: a portion squeezed between the thumb and finger immediately flakes into one mass, and the slightest friction communicates to it a brilliant lustre. The last of the series of bottles exhibited by the professor contains several solid lumps of graphite produced by squeezing the powder together under immense pressure. We

should imagine from the appearance of them that they are not such favorable specimens as could be produced by forcing the particles of the powder together in some of the hydraulic presses specially constructed for this purpose, the air being at the same time exhausted from its pores. By this mode of treatment we have no doubt that blocks superior in quality to the finest native black lead could be obtained. The product may be considered as chemically pure carbon, and leaves no appreciable amount of ash on incineration. Professor Brodie's process has now been before the scientific world for some years, but we are not aware that it has yet been taken up commercially by any firm; this apathy on the part of our manufacturers is rather surprising, as the process seems to offer no practical difficulties, whilst the expense of converting an almost waste product into a very valuable substance is but trifling.

Part of an Article in The Examiner.

The Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India. Volume the First, containing the Acquisition and Administration of the Punjab. By Edwin Arnold, M.A., University College, Oxford; late Principal Poona College; and Fellow of the University of Bombay. Saunders, Otley, and Co.

THIS is but the first volume of a large work, and therefore we content ourselves with a few words of notice, and reserve a full account for its completion. The author has had experience enough of the people and country about which he writes to give his account of them a vivid reality; but not so long a one, as has sometimes been the case, as to disanglicize him and give him Brahminical and Islamic proclivities.

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In his introductory chapter Mr. Arnold gives a brief but graphic and impartial outline of our mad and fatal enterprise, the Afghan War, which certainly led to our wars with the Sikhs, and eventually to the crowning disaster, the rebellion of the Sepoys. We give such part of his account as our limits will admit:—

"It will be useful briefly to recount the events preceding Lord Dalhousie's accession, and influencing his policy. To do so, it is necessary to look back to the appointment of Lord Auckland in 1835. In that year our

frontier on the North did not pass the desert strip along the Indus and its affluent, the Sutlej, from the Indian Ocean to the highlands of Gurwhal. The commercial character of the Company had just suffered extinction by the Charter of 1833. Ostensibly there remained to it the control of political and administrative affairs, but in subordinating her masters, the Home Government had brought India into the circle of European politics, and an independent policy there was no longer easy. The change soon made itself apparent. On insufficient grounds the ministry conceived the idea that Russia meditated dangerous advances; and they determined to anticipate an attack, which to await would have been to baffle. The support they relied on was as vain as the evidence which satisfied them was vague. On the side of prudence were the *boutrons* of the northern plains, their blinding drifts of dust and snow, bitter frosts, salt lakes, and steep defiles, natural enemies to the invaders of Hindostan — on the side of an offensive movement not much more than the nervousness of a minister. Lords Durham and Clancarrick, ambassadors at St. Petersburg, protested uselessly against the apprehension; the Muscovite Ambassador in London declared his master innocent of any hostile design; and the Czar went so far as to change the staff of his eastern embassy. The English Government refused to be reassured, and persisted in construing the attack upon Herat by the Shah of Persia as a first step in the interests of Russia. Yet if the penetration of an envoy could be cheated, and the word of a Russian deceive, facts might have seemed to reprove precipitation. The Shah could not take Herat, and the English force despatched to Karrack was sufficient to raise the siege, and could even have seized the Persian capital. Sir A. Burnes, who had been sent to Cabul, found Dost Mahommed inconveniently reasonable, and willing to remove every cause of suspicion. He wanted Peshawur, which had been an Afghan fief, but he wanted the friendship of the English only less. His desire to recover the territory wrested from the Doorannee throne by the Sikhs was resented as an affront to our ally Runjeet Singh, and the presence of a Russian major at his court was held to implicate him in the Russian plot. In vain Burnes deprecated the perilous quarrel with a well-disposed man: in vain he suggested compromise upon compromise, and declared Dost Mahommed's pretensions reasonable, and his the only natural authority in Afghanistan. His representations were set aside — a serious but pardonable independence, if they had not since been tampered with, and their author's

reputation offered up on the altar of ministerial consistency. History, at last informed, rescues from unfair neglect the memory of a public servant as faithful to his duty as he was singularly fitted for it; and pronounces the official records of the time unworthy of firm reliance. The burden of perverting past documents, and of throwing doubt on those to come, is heavy, and rests, with that of the subsequent disaster, on statesmen to whose easy honesty of intention a generous nation has pardoned their infatuation. In October of 1837, Lord Auckland issued a proclamation to the troops at Simla, which announced the alliance of the British with Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah. By the terms of this we were to depose the rulers of Cabul and Candahar, and set up in their place a sovereign, for twenty years a stranger to the studies of government, and not less unwelcome to his subjects than the cares of state to his own declining age. The rest of the story is too well known. The Auckland War cost the British forces five thousand lives, sixty thousand camels, £12,000,000 sterling, and that which outweighs even the first and dearest item, the reputation of invincibility which in the impressive East had become a bulwark to our fortunate power. To carry on the war, fifty thousand men were added to the army, and a contingent from Bombay was despatched by a detour of nine hundred miles, through the Indus Valley, thus preparing a cause of quarrel with the Scinde Ameers. The army united at the mouth of the Bolan pass under Sir J. Keane, and though not seriously opposed, effected the passage in such confusion that Shah Soojah's force was reduced by two-thirds. The Khan of Khelat declined to assist an expedition doomed by its own contrivers. 'You may take Candahar and Ghuznee,' he said, 'and even Cabul, but you cannot conquer the snows; and when they fall, you will neither be able to maintain your army nor to withdraw it.' Candahar and Ghuznee yielded, Cabul surrendered, and the English were masters of Afghanistan, but on so insecure a tenure, that in fourteen months they were thirty-three times engaged with Afghan troops, and thirteen times without profit. Upon the withdrawal of a portion of the expedition, the unpopularity of the imposed sovereign began to be shown, and the Afghans learning a lesson from our fears, made overtures to the Czar. In 1840, a Russian army did, as a counter-demonstration, march upon Khiva. It was buried in the snow-drifts, or perished of famine on the foodless steppes of Mid-Asia, comparatively few survivors returning, to humble Russian hope, and calm English apprehensions."